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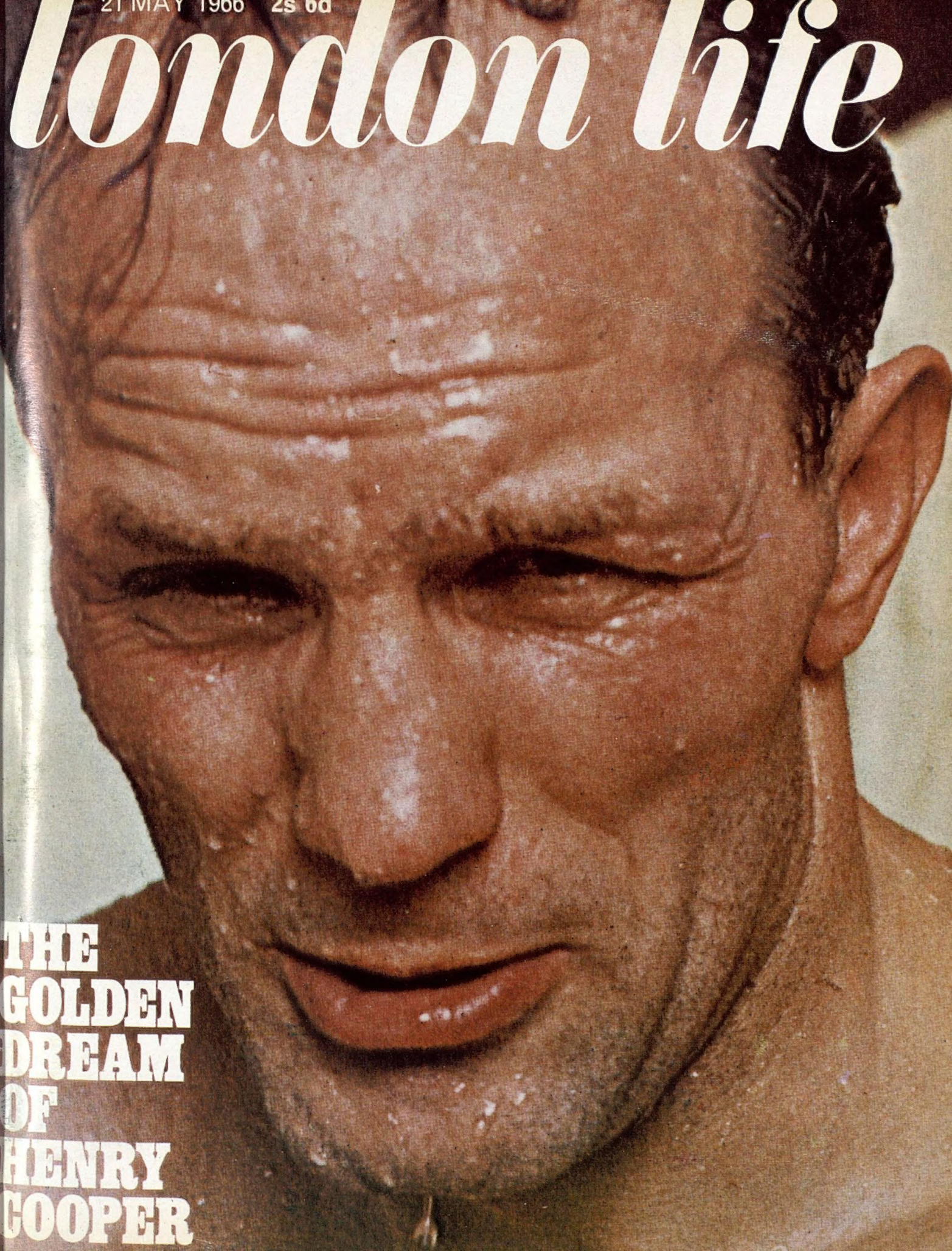
london life



THE GOLDEN DREAM OF HENRY COOPER

suddenly! you're the woman

suddenly! you're the man

Jantzen

Women's "Some Like it Hot" from the Sunster group 49/6

NYLON

INSIDE

Frank Sinatra will arrive in London next week in his own private jet, spend just 24 hours in town, and then fly back to the States. The purpose of the trip, which has been deliberately unpublicised, is to oversee arrangements for the setting-up of Sinatra's own British film company, ready for the return of the Chief next month to begin filming *The Naked Runner* here. Sinatra will be back in the middle of June, and will stay for a couple of months. Filming is scheduled to start on or around 15 July.

Although nothing has been announced, it is strongly rumoured that during his stay Sinatra will give two London concerts, in either the Festival Hall or the Albert Hall, and probably in aid of one of his pet charities. Sinatra bought Francis Clifford's thriller for filming before it was even published – at a reputed price of £50,000.

Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry and Coleman Hawkins are among the stars that impresario Norman Granz hopes to bring to London with his *Jazz at the Philharmonic* show later this year. Other likely members of the package, if all goes according to plan, are Roy Eldridge, Harry Edison, Zoot Sims, James Moody and Illinois Jacquet. The tour will probably begin in November and run on into December.

Madame Angele Delanghe has decided to give up her salon in Bruton Street, Mayfair, next month, and is to join Lachasse in Farm Street. She is the second of London's couturiers whose name will be missing from next year's London collections – Charles Creed has already announced that he is going to concentrate on ready-to-wear.

The Tower of London is seeking an attendant to look after the Wakefield Tower, where the Crown Jewels are kept. The advertisements say: "Post particularly suitable for ex-Service man." Colonel Blood?

Casual Visitors, to Smith's Lawn in Windsor Great Park will be glad to learn that a drink can now be obtained without a walk right round the polo field to the tea kiosk. The tap beside the heather garden, long reputed to exude polluted water, has now been pronounced safe.

The GLC are planning an ambitious reconstruction of their Battersea Park restaurant next year. Owing to pressure on the Council's own architects depart-

continued overleaf

LONDON LIFE
INCORPORATING THE TATLER

When Henry Cooper and Cassius Clay fight at Highbury on 21 May, it will be the climax of a battle started in 1963. See page 32

Geraldine Chaplin is one of the 10 children in the gregarious Chaplin family. Who are they all? What do they owe to Charlie? Page 12

Billy Graham is returning to London for "the most ambitious evangelistic crusade of this generation." London Life looks at Graham. Page 28

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PLUS! EXTRA! EVERY WEEK! An easy-to-follow, no-nonsense, fully comprehensive guide to everything, but everything, that makes London throb with life . . . its night life, the theatre, the cinema, music, ballet, opera, art galleries, restaurants and sport . . . and it all begins on page 43.

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INSIDE LONDON LIFE

continued

ment, a private architect, Mr S P Jordan, has been commissioned to plan the alterations, which are expected to cost £52,220 on present estimates. The aim is to alter what is at the moment an unlicensed snack-bar into a fully licensed top-quality restaurant. Officials refer to it as "something like the Belvedere in Holland Park."

Sheila Southern has just been announced as Britain's representative at the 6th International Festival of Light Song, to be held at Sopot, in Poland, from 24 August to 28 August, Miss Southern has just returned from a tour of the Continent, but the Festival will be

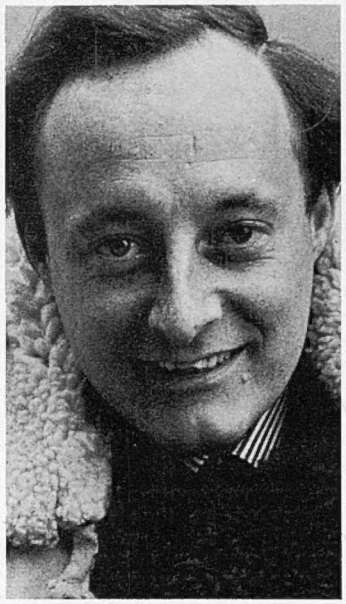
her first trip to Eastern Europe. It should be a pleasant introduction – the Festival is held in a huge open-air theatre in the midst of a forest, covered by a coloured nylon dome that appears to float on the top of the trees. The rest of Europe thinks it's quite important as Festivals go, and the contest section is televised over most of the Continent.

St Paul's scaffolding is likely to be with us for much longer than expected. It has just been discovered that the whole of the lead on the dome will have to be renewed. Not only does this mean that work will continue well into next summer – it probably means a bill of a further £100,000 on top of the £150,000 raised by the public appeal in 1963. Meanwhile, preliminary work has begun on an underground car park on the north side of the cathedral. Cost: another £100,000. The park is for 12 cars – those of the Dean and Chapter.

Last year, say the GPO, over a quarter of the 159 million calls made to TIM, the speaking clock, were from London. Probably because they couldn't get any other number and craved the sound of a human voice.

Aubrey Jones appears to have missed a dramatic price-rise last month. The London Cigarette Card Company has raised the price of all cards in its catalogue by no less than three shillings in the pound – a shattering 15%.

Yachtbroker Peter Holmes has created a ludicrous problem for himself over his new clothes shop at Ramsgate Harbour. Holmes thought it would be a good idea to



fly his stock from London to Ramsgate in his own plane. The brand-new plane had to be collected from a French airfield. Holmes got there, and found the airfield had just been dug up. Now, the plane is being dismantled, and crated to go aboard Holmes's yacht, for shipment to Ramsgate. Meanwhile, back at the boutique, stock is being brought down by plain old Mini-Moke.

Odhams Press recently acquired the *Geographical Magazine*, and moved it from the West End to their Long Acre building. With the magazine came its respected, but idiosyncratic, editor, Colonel W G Hingstone. A mere move has not shaken the Colonel in his resolve to keep a smart unit. To the astonishment of sloppier mortals on neighbouring magazines, Colonel Hingstone marches briskly in each morning, accompanied by his dog, and proceeds to take roll-call of the staff. Defaulters from morning parade are apparently treated very coolly indeed.

Sign outside Kensington flower shop: "We will have Morning Glory PLANTS in June as usual."

Madeleine Mainstone, appointed last autumn as one of the four people responsible for the lunch-time lectures at the Victoria & Albert Museum, has decided on a new policy there. "We will try to break down the fuddy-duddy view of museums," she says. "I want to interest ordinary lunch-timers in my talks and slides." Mrs Mainstone, mother of three, would like

particularly to attract young housewives to the lectures. "We will make them much more varied, and have more altogether" she says. "We don't intend to advertise our lectures, but I hope people will become interested and keep coming back." She herself will talk on Dutch painting, colleague Derek Shrub on furniture, Suzanne Lodge on literature, and Mrs Marcoise will concentrate on teaching teachers how best to use the museum.

The Most Ancient Druid Order is running a series of fortnightly lectures for potential Druids at Caxton Hall, Westminster. You'd better hurry if you want to be inducted in time for 20 June, the highspot of the Druid year, when coachloads of the Order will travel down to Stonehenge for the Summer Solstice ceremonies.

That embarrassing Swinging London story in *Time* magazine continues to have repercussions. Last week, a French television crew arrived in town eager to find manifestations of oscillation, and within hours they were happily filming away at a party given by Leslie Caron in her Kensington home. With cries of joy, they discovered that many of the most attractive girls there, starting of course with Miss Caron, were in fact French. Tele-verité, they call it.

Benny Hill is busily writing the script of a film, in which he will then star. "All I need now," says Hill, "is some terrifically camp director to take the blame for it."

Daliah Lavi will open an exhibition of Ben Maile's work at the Royal Garden Hotel, Kensington, on 31 May. Maile has just won the Print of the Year contest. Miss Lavi is opening the show not simply because she is a newsworthy actress, but because she is a newsworthy actress who owns several Mailes and has helped set up the show.

Westminster City Council have struck a blow at modern photography. From now on, they will charge fashion photographers wanting to take pictures in "the Council's Gardens, Conveniences and Subways" two guineas an hour. Excuse me, I just want to spend 504 pennies . . .

The Wildlife Appeal people seem to have missed a good opportunity for protest last month. At a London auction, a number of rhinoceros horns were sold at prices over £4 a pound – presumably for export to those areas where the horns have an undeserved reputation as aphrodisiacs. The slaughter of rhinos for this purpose has frequently been condemned, and is alleged to be threatening the survival of the species.

Daphne Ainley's mynah bird, the scourge of waiters and customers alike at Mrs Ainley's Draycott Place restaurant, has been reinforced by a macaw. According to Mrs Ainley, Harry the mynah has taken over the job of teaching Pedro the macaw to talk – with the result that both birds' vocabularies lack the finesse appropriate to the restaurant.

Robin Maugham is holding two birthday parties this week – one in London, at the Ivy on 17 May, and one at his home in Hove on 21 June. Guests at the first will include "all the Maughams," Mrs Doubleday, wife of novelist Robin's American publisher, Noël Coward, Willis Hall, Woodrow Wyatt, Lord Kinross, and Cyril Connolly. At the second party, for friends in Brighton, Flora Robson, John Clements and Kay Hammond, and Alan Melville. Lord Maugham's book, *Somerset and all the Maughams*, is a current best-seller, and in itself a satisfactory birthday present for his fiftieth birthday.

It all looked so perfect —and then the wind blew...

Picture by John Benton Harris

Even the most carefully arranged fashion photograph can go wrong, especially when it is taken on the river. What can a girl do when the wind suddenly blows? Hairstyle is first and foremost the most important factor. A short sharp cut will stay tidy, perhaps held in place with a decorated slide for evening. Long hair is a problem; it might look glamorous blowing carelessly in the wind if you are in sailing rig in the middle of the ocean or stranded on a desert island, but for evenings long hair must be tamed to meet all hazards. For an evening with a danger of wind the ideal thing would be to take long hair up and away from the face and add interest at the back of the head with flowers, ribbons or one of the new chignons in organza, chiffon or even PVC. These four girls were posing at the Yard Arm Club on the Victoria Embankment, where a new discotheque called Emma's has just opened. You can dine and dance there from 10 pm to 4 am each night if you are a member (5 guineas a year), and you will be ushered in and waited on by pretty girls wearing these pink and white striped shantung button-through shift dresses designed by Brian Bennet.

PARTY TIME

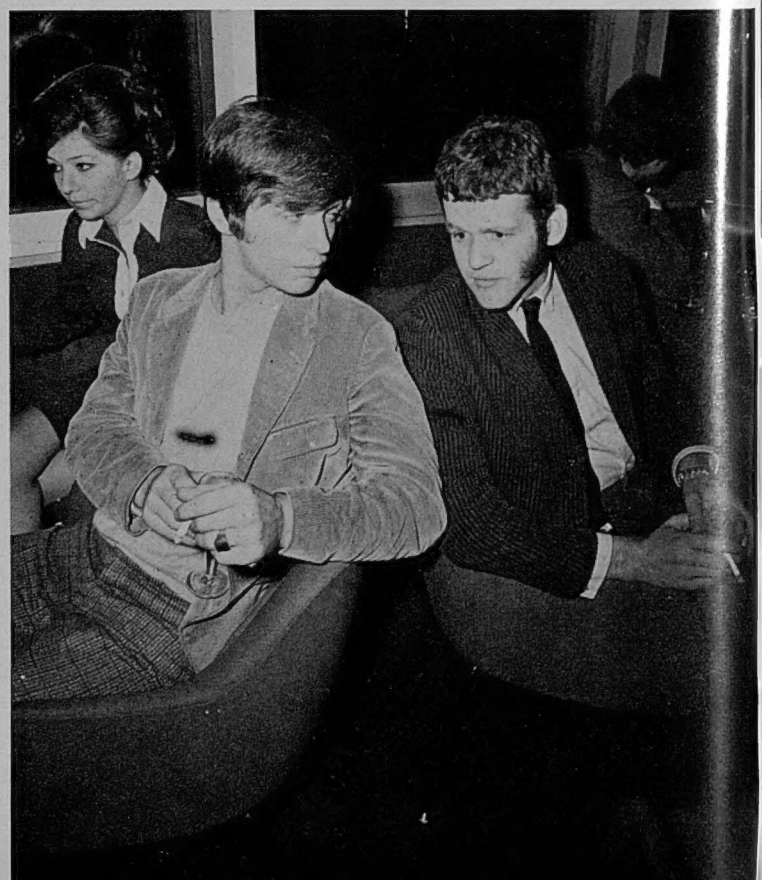
It was the party of the month – if not of the year. "London Life" invited more than 150 personalities from the worlds of art, finance, publishing, advertising, and show business to have their first view of London from the top of the GPO tower. They started arriving in the early evening to watch twilight gather over the Home Counties and the lights spring up in the West End almost 600 feet below. Twiggy kissed Nubar Gulbenkian;

From left: Geoffrey Phillips (of *Illustrated London News*), Derek Hayman (of Cossack Vodka) and Nicholas Royds (of Royds Advertising).

Gabriella Licudi, one of the girls in the James Bond film *Casino Royale*, with pop-singer-actor Mike Sarne.

Novelist Derek Marlowe with Edina Ronay, actress daughter of food and drink expert Egon Ronay.

Picture right: Jenny Stuart Anderson with Georgie Fame and his recording manager Denny Cordell.



with London Life

Cecil Beaton admired the symmetry of the streets below; Anthony Blond and Michael White stood together looking full of plots; Diana Rigg, David Hockney, Peter Blake, Suzanna Leigh, Libby Morris, Mick Jagger,

Left and far right: Jane Murdoch and Lynn Ashley, who play the debby daughters in *Charlie Girl*. Behind them, John Rowlands and Rex Berry.

From left: Tony Middis (of Crawfords), Tony Pearson (of Charles Hobson), Rowland Wood (of *London Life*) and John Buckingham (of Rumble, Crowther and Nicholas).

Peter Brook, Una Stubbs, Edina Ronay, Maurice Woodruff, Anita Harris and Georgie Fame were among those who revolved every 25 minutes in the Butlin restaurant. Both Sir Billy and his son Robert also attended.

Fashion photographer Terence Donovan (left) with pop artist Peter Blake, designer Ossie Clarke and artist David Hopkins.

Picture left: From left: playwright Allan Bocer, John Parry, actress Judy Cornwell, Ivy League manager Johnny Shadow, and actress Jane Blackburn.

PARTY TIME

Actress-dancer Una Stubbs (above) was present with her actor husband Peter Gilmore

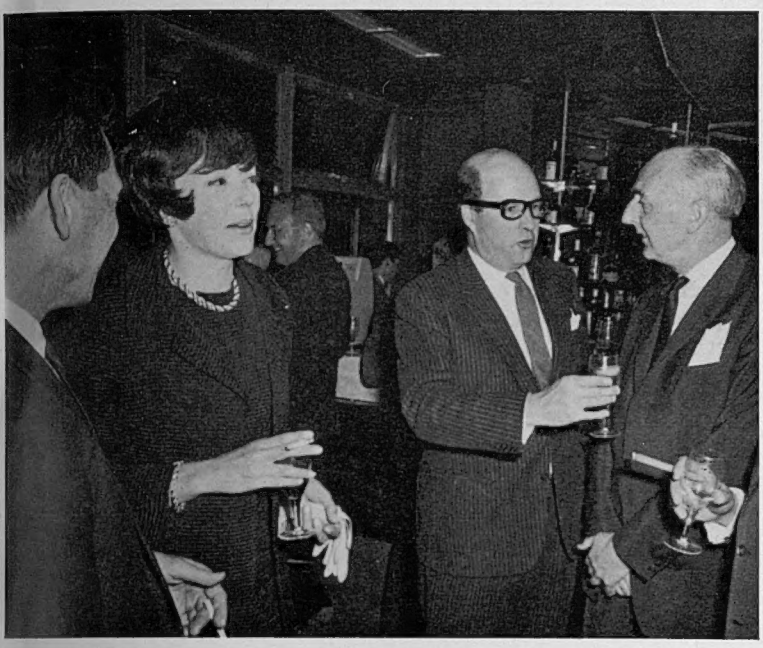
Libby Morris, singer and comedienne.

Photographer David Bailey with Chrissie Shrimpton and Mick Jagger.

Model Belinda Willis.

From left: Charles Irving (*London Life*), Christopher Higham (of J Walter Thompson), Malcolm Thomas (of T B Browne) and Philip Edgell (Notley Advertising).

with London Life



In the cocktail bar: Pierre Remlinger (of Simpsons), Mr and Mrs Geoffrey Gilbert (of Jaeger) and Freddie Brame (of Simpsons (Piccadilly) Ltd).

Pop singer Geneveve with Nubar Gulbenkian.

Diana Rigg (of the Royal Shakespeare Company and TV's *Avengers*) with TV director Phillip Saville.

THE MUSES AT THE MANSION HOUSE BANQUET

The City reaches its culture-conscious peak of the year next week with the Midsummer Banquet. The top names in science, art, sculpture, literature, music, architecture and broadcasting will be sitting down to dinner in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House with the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress.

Started five years ago, the dinner is now an annual event, considered to be the most important banquet of the year at the Mansion House. It is part of the Corporation of London's deliberate policy of increasing patronage for the arts, which is now reaching an all-time high. Plans have been announced for an arts centre in the Barbican including a £1,300,000 theatre for the Royal Shakespeare Company and a concert hall for the London Symphony Orchestra costing £924,000. Also projected is a new school for the Guildhall School of Music & Drama, an art gallery and a lending library.

It has been estimated that in five years' time the annual support for the arts will reach nearly £420,000, which is nearly £1 for every commuter coming into the City.

The banquet guests include Anthony Crosland, MP, Frank Cousins, Professor Blackett, president of the Royal Society, and Sir Robert Wynne-Edwards representing the sciences.

Painters John Bratby and Ruskin Spear and President of the Royal Academy Sir Charles Wheeler; sculptors Henry Moore, Oscar Nemon and Dame Barbara Hepworth; writers Kingsley Amis, Kingsley Martin, Dr John Masefield, Sir William Connor, John Betjeman; musicians Sir Arthur Bliss, Georg Solti, Vladimir Ashkenazy.

Representing the theatre will be Peter Hall, Emile Littler, Charles Chaplin, Jessie Matthews, John Cranko, Beryl Grey and Dame Marie Rambert.

DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

Hats off today to the irrepressible Iranian Ambassador Mr Ardeshir Zahedi, one of the last of a dying race of Playboy diplomats. By this I do not mean to suggest for one minute that Mr Zahedi is not an excellent ambassador completely on top of his job. It is simply that he is also one of the great extroverts determined to enjoy himself in the most extrovert possible way.

Eighteen for Jane

His prodigal entertaining in the West End is a by-word. He is also one of the most generous and enterprising present givers around. Two weeks ago he presented Jane Pearson, the 23-year-old daughter of Lord Cowdray, with six bottles of whisky, six of vodka, and six of champagne as his way of saying thank you for a very nice party. "I don't want anyone to think I am looking for a wife," he said.

Last week he was in a spending mood again. He took a large party to the Empire Games Ball and proceeded to buy for just over £100 a border terrier that was put up for auction. He immediately presented it to his partner for the evening, Peggy Bancroft. The puppy fell asleep at the table while Mr Zahedi murmured: "I don't want anyone to think that I am looking for a wife."

Mr Zahedi, I hope that won't happen for a very long time. You are one of my favourite bachelors.

It is now virtually final that there will never again be a "Cliveden Set," which held such a position of power in British politics between the wars. The trustees of the Astor estate announced recently that the Astor family will be giving up their tenancy of the great house at Cliveden from the National Trust.

Lady Astor, the widow of the late Lord Astor who died earlier this year after a long illness, is moving out early next year. Six years ago Bronwen Pugh, one of the world's top models, married Lord Astor after a whirlwind courtship. It was the fairytale story of peer and model girl.

Strangely enough, I was the person responsible for their meeting. I took a fashion cabaret to the Palace Hotel at St Moritz and Bronwen was the star of the show. The manager had not really wanted us because he thought everything British must be dull. Instead, dragging a £5,000 white mink coat behind her like a caveman with his wife, Bronwen stole the show.

The perfect wife

The following day in St Moritz everyone was talking about her. Lord Astor approached me in the bar and said: "Who is this extraordinary girl? Is she really as extraordinary as all that?" The meeting was arranged. He came to learn that she was every bit as extraordinary. Through all his personal troubles, and through his long illness, Bronwen was the perfect wife. Whether as the Mistress of Cliveden at some formal occasion or relaxing informally on holiday, she provided the ideal setting.

Today she is silent about her future plans, but I believe that when the time comes for her t leave the great house with al its memories, she will settl down in a cottage in th grounds near the mai entrance gate.

One of the most fascinatin property battles of the year i currently raging in Belfas over the large twin-dome public lavatory in the mai square.

Victorian relic

The Town Council i battling to have it destroye as an eyesore, while the Pre servation Society is waging it own campaign to have it nc only kept, but restored to it original splendour as one c the best examples c Victoriana.

The final decision is likely to be made on the basis of money. The Preservation Society say it will take £200 to restore, whereas the council have estimated £60 to demolish it. I understand that if the Preservation Society find the money within the next two weeks, Belfast will still be the only city in the United Kingdom to have a real twin-domed Victorian public convenience. It should make all the difference to the tourist trade.

Colleague John Viner was responsible for giving me the Quote of the Week. Telephoning Maurice Woodruff to invite him to *London Life*'s party at the Top of the Tower restaurant, he told him they were having a bit of a problem checking up on the celebrities who were coming. "I know," said Maurice Woodruff.

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THESE ARE THE CHAPLINS (1—Charlie)

It was a slow flow of coffee up the sugar cube, comments Brando of Chaplin's influence on him while filming "A Countess from Hongkong." But directing this modern romantic comedy has provided Chaplin with a new flow of creative energy that has proved a revelation to everyone who has worked with him. Report by SAM INGLEBY

A MAN BIG ENOUGH TO TAME BRANDO AND LOREN

The shooting has stopped and Marlon Brando, Sophia Loren, cameraman, clapper-boy and all have gone about their business. Only Chaplin remains. Not Charlie, the clown in baggy pants. But Mr Chaplin, sir, the director, now cutting, editing and writing music for his film, *A Countess from Hongkong,* at Pinewood Studios.

While they were all there, though, it was an interesting experience. Not only for those involved. But for anyone watching, too.

"At first," said an old studio hand, "it was like walking on eggshells. Then things got more relaxed." So relaxed that when Chaplin bent down once, Marlon Brando joked with Sydney Chaplin: "Now's your chance, Syd."

Chaplin chuckled and said, "I'm impervious." Maybe he was wearing two pairs of trousers, just as he wore two pullovers, a heavy jacket, a hat pulled down against the glare of the lights and, sometimes, an old, dark blue shabby overcoat. He said he liked to be warm. But the truth is that if there was any kicking to be done it was Chaplin, at 77, who was at the right end of the boot.

He tamed the tiger lurking within Brando which has clawed lesser directors, and the imperious Sophia Loren purred with content under his authority. "If," said Brando, "a man has the authority of instinct and talent, the ability to communicate it and unassailable critical judgment, there's no point in arguing."

"How," asked Loren, "could you argue with Charlie Chaplin? He started the comedies and if he tells you something you do it." She even took his advice on how to kiss Brando, a point, it may be thought, on which she would need no instruction.

"*You* make the approach," he told her, "like this." And he flung his arms around Brando.

"He was right," said Loren afterwards.

"It's difficult," said Chaplin, "to get at the truth, especially in love scenes. You don't want any of that old corkscrew kissing and all that crap." He turned away to tell them. "If anything feels uncomfortable both of you tell me." After the scene, he said: "I have never worked with stars before. It isn't easy to direct two big stars, big personalities. It's hard, hard work. They're behaving perfectly wonderfully, very patient for a man of my years. For some reason they believe in what I am trying to do."

Out of a drawer

The picture forged so harmoniously at Pinewood began with an idea Chaplin first had some 30 years ago and retrieved from a drawer after he had seen Loren's performances in two or three films. He describes it as a light, romantic comedy and it concerns the daughter of a White Russian refugee who stows away to America in the cabin of a top US diplomat, to the peril of both his reputation and his emotions.

Had it been made when first conceived it could be imagined as a vehicle for, say, Melvyn Douglas and Greta Garbo.

"Old-fashioned?" said Brando. "No. The theme isn't particularly modern or particularly antiquated. It is a vehicle for the expression of Chaplin's comedic notions and sentiments."

"Old-fashioned?" said Loren. "No. When you deal with real sentiments it is never out of date. It's a very funny comedy – both funny ha-ha and funny peculiar, a marvellous combination."

And Chaplin himself has no doubts. "This is something very modern," he said. "A modern romantic comedy which also has something of the Restoration. It's very well-constructed, though I do say it myself, and there are some brilliant situations in it."

Brando says, "I continued to be bewildered about the whole film until two weeks after we began shooting. Then, and only then, did it start to dawn on me what it was all about.

"There was no one moment of revelation. It was a slow flow of coffee up the sugar cube. Charlie's not a verbal man. Words, at times, are his bitterest enemies. He is most articulate in demonstration and he can be very, very funny. We rehearsed one scene where he played Sophia, breathing heavily, gasping and walking around on tiptoes. Then he did the ship's captain with a big cigar. He has to experience every moment of every character.

"What's happening is that we are sort of glorified marionettes and we are being used to express his feelings and instincts. We have to have some equipment to be able to respond, but I think that if he could he would play with every character himself."

Brando accepted direction on minute points of detail which from any other director might well have led to argument. "I was using two fingers to wave smoke from my face in one scene," said Brando. "Charlie stopped me and told me to use four. So I used four. He has a kind of undimmed awareness of what is correct and what is not."

Brando said he welcomed this rare opportunity to submit to the director's will. "He knows exactly what he want and how to get it," he said. "I trust Chaplin's comedic taste and I feel a great relief not to have to be a part of this decision. Comedy, as opposed to drama, is very precise, crisp and specific, much more disciplined. I can't rely on my own comedic taste so I don't really question whether he is right or wrong. It was the same with Kazan. We would exchange views but I would go by his taste. Carol Reed was another and Fred Zinneman had a touch of it. I don't think I could play this role with any and what is not."

Not so funny

"I have done farces but they have always turned out tragedies, very unfunny, heavy-footed. This is situation-comedy with farcical overtones, a juxtaposing of serious attitudes with absurd situations. It is reality expanded that he is trying to get out of us, a heightened reality. He doesn't want us to be 'funny.' And if we ever think we are he reminds us that nobody else will.

"I've got no great, burning ambition to be a light comedian. I do the best I can with the job in hand. The dreary part of doing your job as an actor is having to meet directors head-on who haven't got the dramatic instincts of a . . . a . . ." (*the articulate Brando, for the first time, groped for the right phrase*) ". . . of a door-knob – a dressing-room door-knob. It's like doing the breast-stroke through molasses with some directors. They

are frightened and cover up their sheer lack of instinct by a blustering attitude that means nothing."

When shooting first started last February things were edgy and the crew were liable to sudden attacks of the twitches. The set was closed to all visitors and, on one occasion, Chaplin had the security man thrown off. Nerves.

"The first day," said Sophia Loren, "I was scared to death. Then I saw Charlie was so nervous, so vulnerable himself it was like it was going to be his first film. I thought, 'My God, I'm not the only one,' and felt better right away."

"Nerves?" said Chaplin. "It's a terrible thing, like diving into cold, icy water. You never get used to making films. Each sequence is a nervous proposition, a new adventure. You never know whether it's going to be a great day or not. You grope. All motion pictures are made by groping. You do the best you can, hoping the thing comes off."

It never became a free-for-all set, but occasional visitors were permitted, even welcomed. While they were shooting the scene where Loren and Brando first kiss, onlookers were James Baldwin and Patricia Neal. Chaplin instructed his actors: "Look into each other's eyes; let's believe it." He turned to his guests. "You know," he said, "in the old days we used to have violinists playing right under the noses of the actors in scenes like this just to put them in the right mood." He doubled up, putting an invisible fiddle to his shoulder and sang a snatch of gooey music.

He likes singing and someone once said, "I didn't know you had a voice Charlie."

"Voice," said Chaplin. "I haven't got a voice. I was just imitating Caruso. I never could sing," he said. "I had laryngitis for four years when I was a boy. It took away my voice. That's why I went into silent films."

When he was eventually satisfied with the scene he walked over to his wife, the never-absent Oona, the only one from whom he seeks advice and confirmation. "Well," he asked, "what do you think?" She smiled and said it was fine. Chaplin beamed and chuckled, pleased with the scene, pleased with the praise.

Charlie Chaplin . . . "I have never worked with stars before. It isn't easy to direct two big stars, big personalities."

"We live a very quiet life," said Oona. "We've taken a house at Virginia Water. We get up about 7 am and go to bed at 10.30. Saturdays Charlie goes to the studios and Sunday he just potters about, in the garden if the weather's fine. Sydney comes to dinner occasionally. It's a quiet, suburban life."

Loren, all lithe grace, even while clutching a dress three or more sizes too big for her – one of the perils of cinematic stowaways seems to be that the girls never have any clothes – sauntered past and got a grudging compliment from a girl on the set. "There she goes," said the girl, "all peasant."

The peasant sat down and said she was invited to discuss the film while she was making *Lady L* – in which she played a duchess – in Switzerland. "I was very flattered that Chaplin wanted me," she said. "I think the public will be intrigued to see Brando and myself, in a film directed by Chaplin. I think there's a good chemistry on the screen with both of us together. Brando is very powerful, very viri . . . virile? Is that the word?" It must have been. Brando had just kissed her with such force that she had come away rubbing her mouth. "Chaplin," she said, echoing Brando, "knows what he wants and is determined to get it. It's hard work. It's marvellous. He's always trying to teach you not to push. Sometimes you push too much, take things too far. He spots it right away and cuts you down. He wants everything to be natural. It's very hard for an actress, especially one with my Neapolitan temperament."

Like Brando, she was needed every day and is at the studios by 8 am. Her apartment was in Grosvenor Square. "At night," she said, "I go home, take off my make-up, have dinner and sit in front of the television. It's a wonderful tranquilliser. Late nights? I don't go for that kind of jazz, I don't dig it as Sinatra would say. Friday and Saturday nights I see friends who don't talk about the cinema at all."

Sometimes she went out shopping, liked to be recognised. "People do a double-take, occasionally ask for autographs. Sometimes they just say, 'Hello Sophia.' It's lovely."

Recently she threw a party. Originally it was going to be held at producer Jerry Epstein's place. "But it grew," said Epstein, "until there were about 20 people and my place is so small that we would have had to sit on the floor. So we held it at Sophia's instead. When I got there they were all eating spaghetti – sitting on the floor – the Chaplins, Leslie Caron, Warren Beatty."

Not Brando? "No," said Loren, "he stayed at home showing old Chaplin films. I cooked the spaghetti myself."

Brando, first time in London except for a 24-hour stop-over, seemed to have the most active social life of the three. "I usually stop at home," he said, "but once in a while I go out to dinner. I've met a number of interesting people."

Such as?

Getting around

"Well, there's a musicologist, a politician, a critic, an ex-violinist, a publicity man and some delegates, people from embassies and high commissions. I've been out dancing a few times, private clubs I think. I went to the Zoo the other day – my littlest boy, the three-year-old, is with me. He's the one born in Tahiti so he's never seen any wild animals. It was startling for him, seeing an elephant with that 10ft. long nose.

"But I found it depressing. I hate to see animals in boxes. That poor gorilla sentenced to a life of confinement with other gorillas – me being one of them – looking in while he looks out. You can see him thinking. A gorilla has rudiments of thought. It's like a man behind some hideous mask."

Chaplin has already filmed his one short appearance in the movie – a small part as one

continued overleaf

THESE ARE THE CHAPLINS (2—Oona)

of the stewards of the liner. "I don't know yet whether I'll keep it in," he said. "It may end up in the cutting room."

But will he ever appear again in a leading role? "No," he said, "I couldn't stand all that muck on my face again – the hours putting it on and the hours spent taking it off."

Appear again? "Yes, I'm sure of it," said Epstein. "He says he won't, but I think he will. One day he will wake up with an idea that he feels he has got to do. You can't stop him."

Chaplin's son, Sydney, agreed. "Only he won't manufacture a role for himself," he said. "If one occurs to him though, he'll do it."

Epstein was Chaplin's assistant on *Limelight*, 15 years ago, and worked with him on *A King in New York*. He was in New York a year ago when Chaplin rang him from Jamaica and asked him to join him there.

"He had already met Sophia Loren," said Epstein, "and he gave me the script to read. He watched me anxiously for some reaction. He was not sure about it. When you work on something for as long as he had on this you lose perspective. I got very excited about it.

Toughest deal

"He asked me to go to New York and see what kind of deal I could get. That was the trouble. They all wanted it. It's the toughest deal ever made in the motion picture industry. They all smelled something they wanted – Chaplin, Loren, Brando, romantic comedy – everyone was after the picture. He was flabbergasted when I told him some of the deals we were being offered."

Epstein met Chaplin through the Circle Players, the Hollywood stage drama group he founded in 1946. Sydney Chaplin, who later became Epstein's partner, was in a play and "proud poppa came along to see his son act."

"I'll never forget that night," said Epstein. "We were all watching his reactions. He is the greatest audience in the whole world, throwing himself about laughing, knocking himself out. After the show he asked to meet me and after that you couldn't get him out of the theatre. He directed eight shows for me."

There is a story that Chaplin revived the old idea for *Countess* when he realised that, with President Kennedy and his brother, a new breed of politicians had sprung up. No longer was a politician necessarily an old man; he could be young, handsome and, therefore, vulnerable.

But Chaplin backed away, startled and upset when the story was put to him. He reacted violently, by denials and retreats, to anything that touched, no matter how remotely on politics, refused to talk about the past at all in anything but the most general, impersonal terms. He is, as Brando says, ill-at-ease with words, reluctant to commit himself by interview even on questions of acting or directing.

"I have no theories," Chaplin said hastily. "Acting cannot be taught. You can be very clever, very intelligent and still not be able to act. That's why some very intelligent and clever people make horses asses of themselves."

But would very clever and very intelligent people want to be actors?

"Unfortunately, they do. That's when it becomes embarrassing. People who are not clever can be good actors. There has to be a presence, a natural acting ability. Italians and Russians have it. Technique can be learned but there has to be a personality."

He sat hunched in his chair, his thick-lensed spectacles masking his eyes, the white hair wisping from under the old hat, a bit paunchy, still peaky from a bout of flu that laid him low for a week. Only the occasional rectangular smile was a reminder of the distant shabby glory of the clown.

"I wanted to see something I had dreamt about for a long time become a reality," he said. "That's my greatest kick now. I have got all the money I want in the world. The few years I have left I want to create."

There was a stir, a sudden burst of the vigour usually reserved for the actual business of directing. "I'm still creative," he said.

She has been the calm backdrop for Charlie's dynamic talents for the past 22 years . . . the wife who remains aloof from publicity, but whose quiet strength brought him peace when the world seemed to turn against him. Report by KARIN HART

A WIFE WHO CONQUERED THE WORLD

Oona. The name alone sets her apart – from the world of show-business, from the hoi-polloi, even from the world of women. She *is* no ordinary woman. Oona Chaplin has ever been something of an enigma to the public eye. Through 22 years of marriage to Charlie, she has elected to remain aloof to the rank machinery of her husband's career – a career that has been always climactic, sometimes, chaotic, and too often cruel.

It is true that this foil of detachment may have been encouraged over the years by the need for conscious preservation of her own very special set of values – preservation which proved a struggle in the face of a welter of calumny and conjecture waged along Chaplin's path to success. But a certain strange withdrawal has always been the colour of Oona's character, even from girlhood. Charlie's first impression of her was one of "luminous beauty with a sequestered charm," as he tells it in *My Autobiography* (published by The Bodley Head).

Lack of familiarity with the mad, mad world of show-business cannot be blamed for Oona's detachment; she was born Oona O'Neill, daughter of the late American playwright Eugene O'Neill (*Emperor Jones, A Long Day's Journey Into Night*), so to her the old adage of "born in a trunk" would truly apply. She herself once aspired to an acting career – and it was this pursuit that led to her first encounter with Charlie during the casting of *Shadow and Substance*, in which she had been suggested for the principal lead. Until then Oona had done only summer-stock work in the eastern United States. She was 17.

Chaplin admits that before meeting her, he had gleaned an impression of the kind of girl she would be from the grave, sombre themes of her father's dreams . . . an *unfair* impression, he later discovered, for it was with a slowly blossoming amazement (which still comes over him in waves) that he discovered the huge resources of light-hearted humour and tolerant strength hidden behind her beauty and reserve. These were the qualities that seemed to make her a mature woman in spite of her years, and enabled Charlie and Oona to surmount the age difference in their relationship (Oona is now 41, her husband, 77).

Not capricious

Oona Chaplin has never been a capricious person. Her tremendous mystique is one of self-awareness, equanimity – a composite of self-knowledge that compels her to protect resolutely the personal values that make life – her life, Charlie's life, and that of

their eight children – worth living. Her perception of these values has guided her equilibriously through a long series of sacrifices, decisions, and duress that now in retrospect seem to have strengthened her marriage.

First there was a paternity suit brought against Charlie by Joan Barry immediately before the wedding, the legal proceedings of which surrounded and besieged the Chaplins' first months together, but through which Oona steadfastly resisted the erosive influences of Scandal. (Later, Chaplin was unconditionally exonerated, and the furore died.)

Then Oona set herself the task of a major self-reckoning soon after their marriage, and emerged with the soul-searched confession that she no longer wanted her own career on stage or screen, but preferred to dedicate herself completely to her role as Charlie's wife and the mother of his children. (Charlie still says that show-business may have lost a great comedienne in this turn of events – but would be the last person to protest, then or now.)

Not long after these upheavals, there ensued the heart-sickening harassment by American press, public, and politics on the subject of Chaplin's alleged Communist sympathies – a tenuous harangue that thwarted business, social, and private activities, and later jeopardised Chaplin's hard-won fortune.

Yet through all of this, Oona's devotion remained unswerving, her stability unshaken. But one thing *had* been shaken: call it the Chaplins' peace with the world, their belief in what had once seemed a tolerant and productive way of life. In spite of a happy home life in Beverly Hills and the faithful coterie of Charlie's friends (through their doors passed names like Thomas Mann, Will Durant, Douglas Fairbanks Jr, Mary Pickford, Aldous Huxley, Bertolt Brecht, to mention but a few), the idyll seemed suddenly raw, denuded by slings and arrows of the past.

Oona by this time had had four children – Michael, Geraldine, Josephine and Victoria. She wanted them away from the influences of what now seemed a fickle milieu; she and Charlie decided that the children should go to school in Europe. Thus plans for the Chaplins' exodus from America began to take shape, moulded as much by Oona's knowing determination as by Charlie's disillusion with the American scene.

Oona Chaplin . . . her days are preoccupied with the activities of her family: she sparks the Chaplins' artistic comet.

Swiss setting

By the middle fifties, Oona's tribe was installed in the Swiss village of Corsier, a short distance from Vevey, in a house bounded by 37 acres of orchard, gardens and tree-grown lawn, and facing a landscape of mountains and distant lake – the ultimate setting for a couple whose first fond and most peaceful interludes had come from country walks in California. Here, at last, the history of ordeals seemed to dwindle to an end.

In extricating her family from the treacherous currents of their American life, Oona made one final, definitive gesture: she surrendered her American citizenship, and in doing so, in a sense demonstrated her total strength and containment in this marriage to the 20th century's most beloved-yet-belaboured giant, the immortal "Little Man." She did not do it coldly, nor without feeling – but simply and decisively, as the conclusive disengagement from the old design.

There is no bitterness. For a person with a character of such magnitude as Oona's, reprisals are too trivial a pastime. As her husband put it: "Something in our nature makes us forget hate and unpleasant things."

Yet it cannot be denied that the first years of Oona's marriage might in one way have been termed a kind of endurance test – a question of the endurance of the innate values this remarkable woman seemed virtually to embody. Through the early years of limelight and glitter, she preserved simple truths; through her husband's trials of disillusion, she cultivated a better design; through the beseigement of incessant publicity, she is consistent in her defence of privacy. And though living always in the blinding reflection of her husband's (and now her children's) successes, she continues to be a revelation to *them* of the truth of matters.

Now her days are preoccupied with the activities of her family: she acts as the backdrop of calm for her husband's dynamic talents, she is companion and soulmate in the sequestered home life they now enjoy; she quietly sparks the nucleus of the Chaplin's artistic comet.

Oona has accompanied Charlie to London. Yet even here, in the city she fell quietly in love with on her first visit 12 years ago, she persists in the defence of her privacy, and has remained almost inaccessible to public and press. Even so, through the members of her magical brood, those of us with a perceptive eye can catch *almost* first-person glimpses of the elusive Oona – most noticeably in the persistent echo of her dark-eyed gaze and delicate brow, the clarity of expression she has endowed to each one of her offspring; then in the grace and dignified poise of Geraldine, in Josie's nobly chiselled features, in Victoria's flashing pixie-grin – even somehow in Michael's rebellious efforts at personal truth.

Anchoring strength

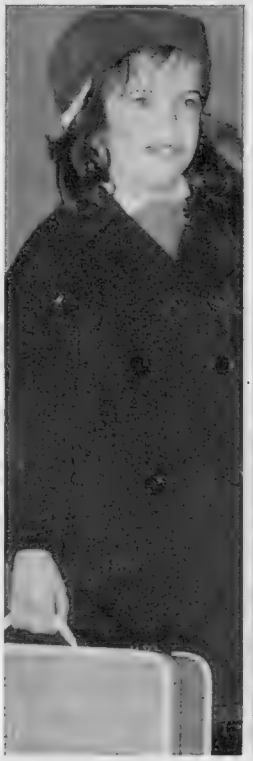
With this and so much more evidence of Oona on the scene, perhaps we can forgive Mrs Chaplin's chary approach to the public. One must confess that such an approach can only be justified by the person who perpetrates it. And who is that person now? Oona Chaplin is the anchoring strength for a family of 10 with great resources of present and potential talents. She is more a nonconformist than any member of her family could *ever* be – and that includes her husband: Charlie himself has called *his* brand of nonconformity his "prodigious sin," and, as such, the root of whatever evils plagued him.

But if Charlie's nonconformity has been the root of his disappointments, Oona's could be said to be the source of his greatest pleasures, for it seems to have fostered the truths and transitions that have brought the Chaplins serenity.

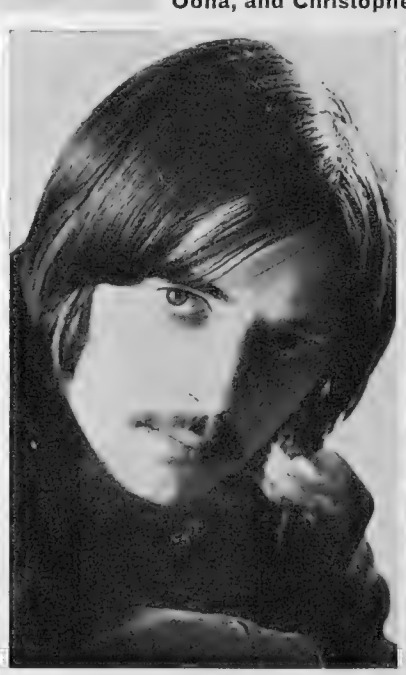
THESE ARE THE CHAPLINS (3—The young ones)

Although he himself was always in the limelight, Charlie has taken care to protect his ten children from the glare of publicity. What, in fact, do we know about them? Report by JOHN VINER.

TEN CHILDREN WHO ARE ALL



Here they are . . . In the picture on the left: Sydney (39) and Charles Jnr (40). Above, centre: Jane (6). Above, right: On the set of *A Countess from Hongkong*, left to right, standing – Josephine (16), Victoria (14), Eugene (12); Annette (6), standing next to Oona, and Christopher (3), in front.



Left: Geraldine (21). Centre: Michael (20). Right: Charlie's baby grandchildren, Timothy and Christian, with Michael's wife, Patrice.

SO DIFFERENT

While Charlie Chaplin has indulged his filmic activities under a continuous and penetrating glare of publicity, he has always taken great care that none of his children – and there are 10 of them – should ever be held up for public view for longer than was absolutely necessary. True, some of his children have appeared in his films, but quietly, with no herds of publicists and reporters.

Charles Chaplin has had four wives. The first, Mildred Harris, then Lita Grey, Paulette Goddard and Oona O'Neil. Of those, only two have borne him children – Lita Grey, who gave birth to Charles junior in 1925 and Sydney born in 1926; then by his wife, Oona, whom he married in 1943 when she was 18 and he 54, he has had Geraldine, Michael, Josephine, Victoria, Eugene, Jane, Annette, and Christopher. Christopher is the baby of this large and gregarious family, born in 1962 when Charlie Chaplin, this fantastic veteran of 80 films, was 73 years old.

A European education is something which Charlie is very keen on. He reasons that American schools are too lax and that discipline is vital to the children as one day they will all be very rich.

His reasoning is fairly sound because Geraldine seems to have survived the European discipline and yet has still retained all her individual personality. She has, in the past, taken parachuting lessons and bull-fighting lessons.

While most of the Chaplin children never wander far from the annual holidays in Waterville, Ireland, and the 37 acres of home at Vevey in Switzerland, Michael has wandered far and stridently. He became for a while a long-haired beatnik; he married a girl named Patrice and drew National Assistance; he made a pop record and he wrote a book, called *I Couldn't Smoke the Grass on my Father's Lawn* (published by Leslie Frewin).

It is in his book that the rebelling Mr Chaplin pronounces on his brothers and sisters. About his half-brother, Charlie Chaplin junior, he says, "one of the biggest consolations of my life is that I'm not Charlie Chaplin junior. Charlie is a sweet, nice guy who gets all of my sympathy." On actor Sydney he says, "he is a real cool, happy cat with a great sense of humour, something very detached that enables him to get gas out of anything. Life is a great ball to Sydney, and he knows just how to live it."

About the other, younger children, Michael Chaplin says, "Working from the cradle upwards I've only once seen my youngest brother Christopher. I'd gone home for Christmas after living in London. He hadn't long been born. My mother showed him to me. I said something like, 'he's a nice looking baby, a nice kid!' I've not been back there since."

"Annette: I saw her a bit as a kid . . . I'd taken off on my wanderings before she had developed into a recognisable personality.

"Jane: A weird chick. She speaks to herself. A very strange little girl. Very much an individual, she's the funniest one of the lot.

"Eugene: A big kid. He has a good mind, but is very slow and deliberate . . . He'll probably end up an impresario of some kind or a Swiss businessman.

"Victoria: She is quite extroverted . . . lots of personality . . . very determined little girl . . . beats up Eugene like hell. She takes most after my father.

"Josephine is a lovely, quiet, introverted girl, but not complex. She charms everyone who comes to the house.

"Geraldine: She is the one I'm closest to. We grew up together. A very independent mind. Like I said, she's a smart chick."

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Stuart Crystal

One girl will win all this

A model stands amid the prizes which will be given to the winner of the International Cover Girl Competition organised by Shubette. She was photographed at Woburn Abbey because the winner will spend a weekend there as a guest of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford.

Stores selling Shubette shoes all over Europe and South Africa have entry forms. Competitors do not have to buy a dress in order to enter: Simply send in a photograph with the entry form. Shubette believe that this competition will boost their already vast export trade.

On 24 October, the semi-finalists from all over the world meet at the Lyceum Ballroom in the Strand for a gala evening (the proceeds of which will go to the Imperial Cancer Research Fund), where they will be judged by photographers and fashion editors.

The prizes are: £500; a trip to New York, with a Press reception there, followed by a coast-to-coast tour of America; a visit to Montreal, and to all Shubette showrooms in Europe; a Hillman Imp; a complete wardrobe of dresses from Shubette; a wardrobe of shoes from Russell & Bromley to link up with dresses; a set of Revelation luggage, from a handbag to the biggest case; a year's supply of stockings (by Plaza); a magnum of champagne; and that weekend with the Duke and Duchess.

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Do not wait for the 1968 Olympic Games! Come now to Mexico!

It's bad enough sometimes cooking for a family. But imagine catering for 700 demanding guests at a Guildhall banquet, like the one this week. CHERRY WARD talks to the man in charge of many of London's most sumptuous affairs, John Longden, pictured above, puzzling over a few lamb chops.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT FOR THE MAN FROM BALLIOL

Feeding 700 or so – as in the case of the Corporation of London banquet to honour the President of Austria – is almost an everyday problem to 37-year-old Balliol-bred John Longden. He has probably arranged more meals than anyone else in London. He is executive city caterer to Ring and Brymer, a catering firm which has lived through 13 reigns – which takes us back to 1690 to be precise. They cater for the Royal Festival Hall, Lords, the Old Bailey and the Mansion House, not forgetting the Lord Mayor's banquet.

Longden is half-Italian, tall, good looking and is – as he admits half-jokingly, half-ruefully – the only head waiter to be produced by Balliol College, Oxford, who usually specialises in Prime Ministers. "The main things to be taken into account before starting a meal are texture, flavour, temperature and colour," he said, thoughtfully sipping a tomato juice at the Cafe Royal where he once ruled with a rod of iron and was called the "stony-faced" general manager. "I hate talking to the press," he says.

"Colour?" I repeated foolishly – because I am a good cook and English – but I've never thought about colour.

"Of course," Longden explained, not too patronisingly, "you cannot have a brown soup followed by a brown sauce or brown gravy, you must serve an *hors d'oeuvre* or find exciting coloured vegetables, to attract the attention, or at least distract it from the brown."

"There must, of course, be a one-course climax," he went on. "Others simply lead up or down – the supporting characters round a star."

I dared suggest that he must have his work cut out preparing banquets for foreigners who are generally a good sight more fussy than the English about eating. "Not really," he replied. "I attack a menu with the idea in mind that everyone enjoys and respects food as much as I do. And, anyway, the city has become very food-conscious in recent years. They concentrate more on what they are eating than the speeches.

"My philosophy behind a menu is to be wary about the city stronghold against foreign ideas, and not ape foreign habits. I employ the more delicate Continental cooking, using aggressively English food. For there is no doubt that English asparagus is the best in the world and no meat tastes as good as English meat; but it must be handled gently and with thought.

The President of Austria, the Lord Mayor of London and the 600 guests were to be served by 120 waiters at the Guildhall. The menu: the very best English food to be obtained at this season – 350 melons, 35 10-lb. salmon, 70 spring lambs, a frightening quantity of French beans, baby new potatoes, asparagus, and 200 pounds of strawberries.

I just had to ask Mr Longden what he eats most at home. The answer did not surprise me. "Bacon and eggs."

THE WOMAN AUTHOR THEY CALL A GENIUS

It took 18 years to create. Then seven suitcases of it were lost at a Paris railway station. They were later found by seven men with seven wheelbarrows. After all this, IT proved to be the longest book ever written . . . *Miss Macintosh, My Darling*, by Marguerite Young. It will be published on 2 June by Peter Owen, and Miss Young will be in London to help launch it.

Miss Young, who is in her fifties, lives in New York, where she teaches creative writing. The 18 years she put into producing the book appear to have been well spent. Her work has earned this among other plaudits: "It is one of the marvels of American literature, an example of the particular American genius."

Miss Young was born in Indiana, and is a descendant of the late Brigham Young, the Mormon leader. She attended Indiana, Butler and Iowa universities, then took an MA degree at Chicago.

The seven suitcases of manuscript were lost when Miss Young was in Europe writing part of the book. Her finished work gained an international reputation through publication of extracts over the 18 years. It has been acclaimed in America as one of the most ambitious and remarkable books of our time.

Miss Young's success as a writer earned her fellowships and grants – including Guggenheim and Rockefeller grants – and an award from the American Academy of Arts & Letters.

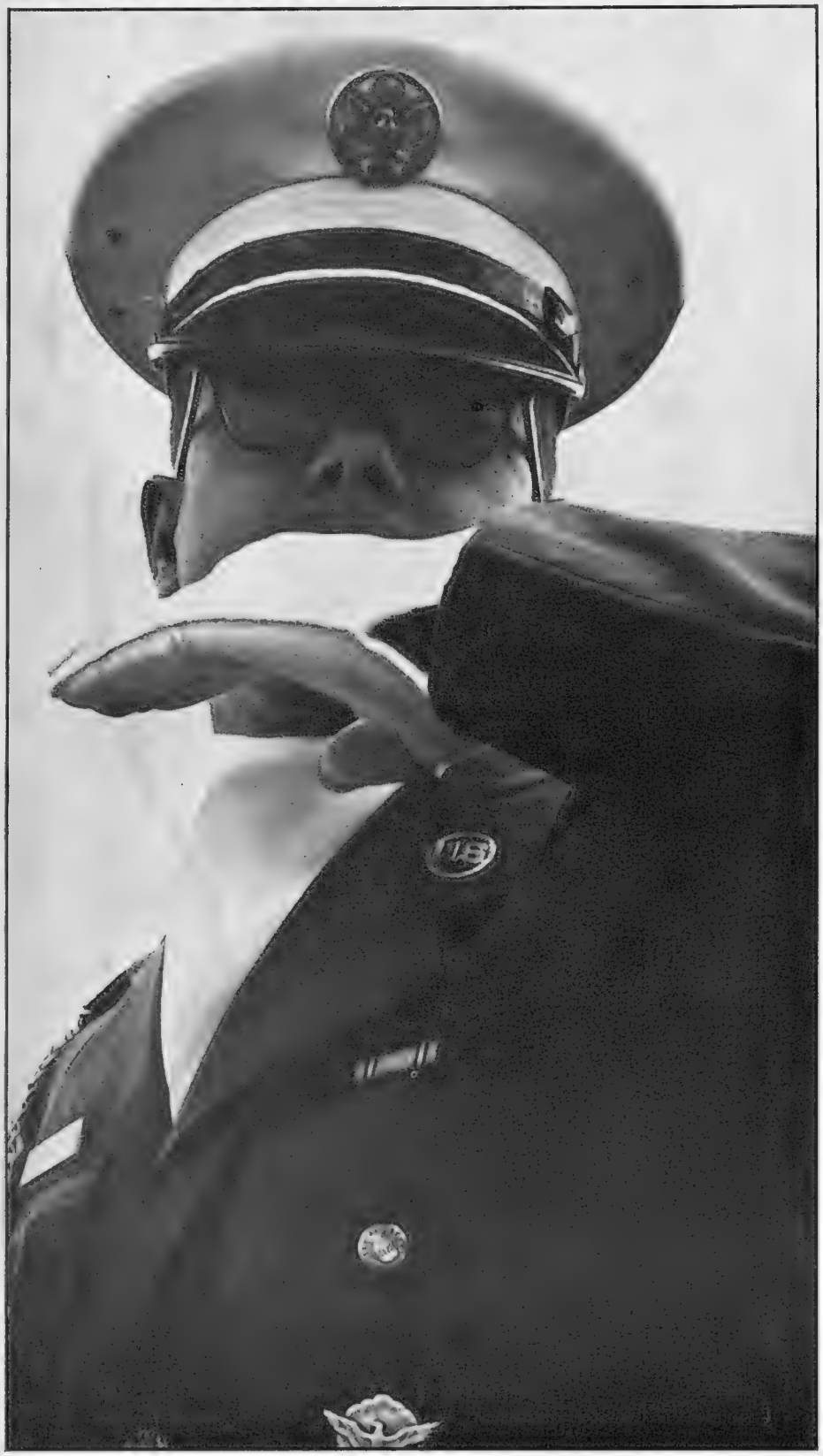
Paperback rights for *Miss Macintosh, My Darling* have already been sold "for a large sum," say her publishers. Next year, Peter Owen are to publish *Angel In The Forest*, in which Miss Young describes 19th-century experiments in Socialism at Harmony US, by Robert Owen, the originator of British Socialism.

While in London, Miss Young will appear in the *Kee and Levin* TV programme on 6 June. On 1 June, she will be seen on Granada's *Scene*.

Looking at people looking at exhibits at the Royal Academy

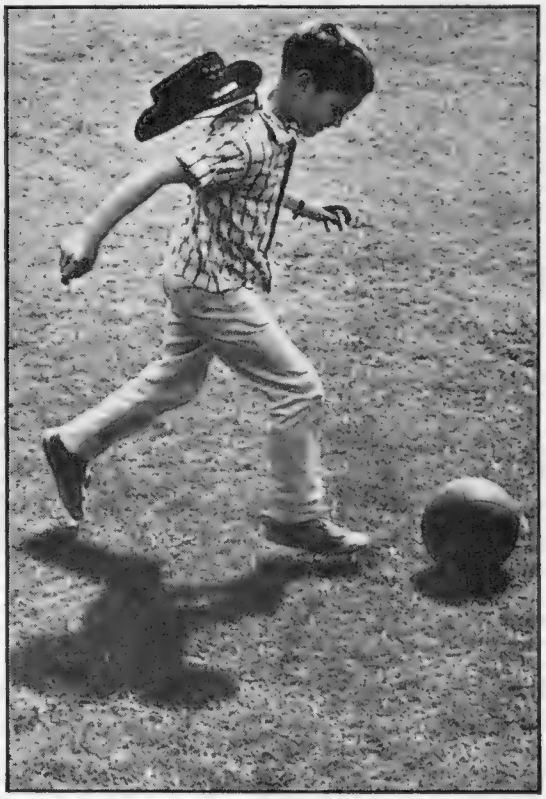
Perhaps the best field for students of irrational human behaviour is an art gallery where, oblivious of their neighbours, the viewer tends to let his mental bewilderment show, either in face or posture. These pictures were taken at the opening of the Royal Academy's summer exhibition at Burlington House, unbeknown to the subjects. Rumour has it that the Royal Academy's shows are fairly direct in content and that no picture is hung or sculpture shown that would mystify anyone. Clearly there is still a public that finds the Royal Academy a rich ground for thought.

LONDONERS WITH AN AMERICAN ACCENT



As the gates open at RAF West Ruislip, an air policeman checks credentials, gives directions, and waves visitors through witha smart go-ahead signal.

American residence on an RAF ensign.



Anglo-American contrast appears in small details – as here, where Gary Lloyd, a prototype of American small fry – what with cowboy hat, crew-cut, and "sneakers" – dribbles an English football across the playground.

For the last 16 years, the third Saturday in May has been allocated as a day of celebration for the US Armed Forces. The custom continues, and on Saturday the gates of the USAF administrative headquarters at RAF West Ruislip will be thrown open to the inquisitive British public. KARIN HART reports on what visitors can expect.

American servicemen have a history of rebuffs dating from the immediate post-war era. Bar-room boisterousness, for example, led to their quick expulsion from many walks of foreign socialising. Here in London confrontations took place on a variety of fronts, from Soho to outlying suburban pubs. Those days are long past.

Since 1950, the third Saturday in May has been set aside in celebration of the Armed Forces of the USA. On that day American military men will aim to become even more *personae gratae* with the British – and doubtless with each other as well. As on our own Battle of Britain Day, military installations are traditionally open to the public; US military outposts celebrate Armed Forces Day with the same trooping, bugling, saluting and showmanship that the occasion would receive at home.

Here in the British Isles, US Armed Forces are represented in varying numbers in almost every category. Army components are attached to the Embassy; the Navy has its Headquarters for US Naval Forces in Europe here in London; its ships call regularly at British ports, and can be spotted burbling to the surface in Scottish firths like a family of friendly but foreboding walruses.

But the *strongest* faction of US military men in Britain is that of the US Air Force. (With just a hint of embarrassment in their numbers – which approach the 20,000 mark – USAF spokesmen stress two facts: that they, and *all* US military, are *not* on English soil acting independently; their representation is simply brought about by commitments to the NATO force – and that, in fact, USAF operations in England are intrinsically coordinated with those of the RAF.)

For US bases in England, the significance of 21 May is of another ilk than mere self-celebration. American troops in Britain and all over the world are waging a concerted effort for good relations on local community scenes, as well as on more (or could it possibly be *less*?) delicate fronts – it's a well-known fact that Americans often feel put-off by "British reserve," what they call Anglo-aloofness.

At the RAF West Ruislip base, where USAF administrative headquarters have been in residence for the past nine years, the gates will be thrown wide to the British public on Saturday at 1.30. The base (only a few yards from the West Ruislip tube station) plans to acquaint visitors with its facilities, functions, and personnel on an informal basis.

For openers, the US Third Air Force marching band will be "in concert" at the gates, following up with a quick-step parade to the base drill field (always a kick for Sousa enthusiasts), where visitors can witness a spectacle rarely seen on English soil – America's national sport: baseball. (No amateurs they, the teams will be two members of the inter-base league, batting out one of the season's hottest competitions; Saturday's billing is a "single-header" between the London Rockets and the Wethersfield Raiders.)

Bowling lanes

American food-fare – hamburgers, hot-dogs, Coke and so forth – will be sold from a mobile kitchen and two snack bars. Visitors will be free to roam the grounds and buildings with the aid of a map-cum-commentary distributed at the gate in the form of a souvenir edition of the base newspaper.

At the Youth Center, base personnel will stage a variety show; the gymnasium will house a display of sports equipment. Afternoon demonstrations will include precision drilling, judo, safety-rescue equipment, square-dancing, 1966-model US cars, and a programme of films on space research – one titled "Cape Kennedy 1965." On view, too, will be base facilities like bowling lanes, craft shops, vehicle maintenance equipment, the modern new American school, student projects, and the base's beautiful inter-denominational chapel, serving Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant faiths. At all points, Air Force personnel and students will be available as guides and commentators – and generally open to new acquaintances and friendly exchange.

RAF West Ruislip is an administrative headquarters. Each base varies its open-house programmes depending on its particular function and equipment. At operational posts like RAF Bentwaters, RAF Alconbury, and RAF Mildenhall, open-house festivities include flight demonstrations, or "fly-bys" – slow-speed and altitude-climbing feats in the widest possible variety of aircraft.

RAF forces participate widely in these exhibitions. Military *esprit de corps* seems to hurdle most obstacles in the interests of camaraderie; even transitory international military communities enjoy a tightly-knit rapport – presumably on the assumption that the basic objectives and ideals of all are thoroughly compatible. One piece of evidence: the Anglo-American Air Forces Friendship Ball held on 7 May at Grosvenor House by the American Air Force Association, in commemoration of the 21st anniversary of VE Day. The event was conceived to testify to "British-American solidarity in the defence of freedom" and was presided over by Lord Tedder himself, who is acting president of the RAFA. The Queen, President Johnson, Dwight D Eisenhower, and Sir Charles Elworthy sponsored the gala with their greetings.

So much for the ease of inter-military rapport. But a trickier business is that of integrating "a little bit of the USA" into local *civilian* communities. Why? In spite of all the official efforts at expansive co-existence, do US military personnel insulate themselves against their locale? . . . Or does the locale in some way interpose barriers of its own? Small signals seem to give a better pulse-reading in the give-and-take syndrome than large-scale campaigns and official policy could ever do.

Statistics – 7 out of 10 unmarried American airmen assigned to England will marry British girls. Of the 50,000 Air Force troops and dependents, 94 per cent. are housed off-base, physically "within the economy"; yet airmen say their household buying is done in weekly trips to base PX's (like NAAFI) and commissaries, where American dollars are the sole exchange and a high concentration of American products is offered.

Reportedly, the tiniest children adopt English "accents" – yet *all* children, with the exception of the rare high school age student, attend on-base American schools. US airmen say they enjoy British fare and pub-life; yet at RAF West Ruislip, American and British canteens face each other from opposite sides of the road – on the American side a dimly-lit bar attached, in the English version a pub-style corner.

The Americans pursue the sport of baseball complete with the panoply of league-competition and stadium-style uniforms; yet they also have active cricket teams, and claim they enjoy seeing local matches. Rugby football creates a flurry of interest; but, says one airman, "That's because it's the nearest thing to American football."

Import magazines

Airmen import their own magazines and newspapers, but read British publications, too; yet they do not follow British politics, sports, or social life actively, and often feel uncomfortable in a heated discussion on one of these subjects. To questioning on the subject of so-called "British reserve," one airman commented: "It's not so bad. If you make the first move, *they're* not standoffish." Yet another group came out with the opinion that only in the dark days following the Kennedy assassination could they remember the "blokes" making an open overture of friendliness: "People actually spoke to me outright, a perfect stranger," said one. "They said things like how sorry they were."

Is this the sort of circumstance required to open an Englishman's shell?

The campaign continues. From the Ministry of Defence (Air) community-relations advisers are assigned to the commander of each base. Their duty: to assist in developing the association of all facets of the two worlds. Requirements for the job? Single British girls well-versed in all aspects of Britain's way-of-life, prepared to serve as a liaison with the British community in general. So far, the project has been highly successful.

Whatever the status quo, the gesture has been made, the gates will be open, and all signs point to fair weather for 21 May.

SARA FLIES OFF TO PAINT THE WORLD

Around the world in 86 days – give or take trade winds or monsoons – that is the plan of painter Sara Leighton. She was jetting off from London Airport on Friday 20 May, first stop New York for a week in the USA before continuing west to the Pacific islands.

Reason for her trip, which will take her through more than 20 countries, is to collect material for a series of portrait and landscape paintings. She will return with a bulging portfolio of sketches and many more images in her head to be transcribed on to canvas once she is home.

As well as sketching as she travels, Miss Leighton will also be jotting research notes for a book – "a travel book with a difference" – based on her experiences travelling alone round the world. This is the first step towards becoming what Miss Leighton calls "a travelling, writing, painter."

She is well used to travel – her last wanderlust took her extensively through Africa. Her latest tour will take her 25,000 miles round the world – completely alone. "I want to concentrate on taking notes and photographs, sketching and so on."

She will be spending a lot of time in the Pacific, visiting Hawaii, Tahiti, Fiji and Tonga, working on a series of portraits of the island girls in their costumes.

"These will form the basis of an exhibition before Christmas," she said, "which is why I want to spend as much time as possible in the Pacific."

From there she will journey on through New Zealand, Australia, Hong Kong and Japan, heading for home by way of India, Pakistan, the Middle East, Greece and Italy.

One stop she will not be making – at the Pitcairn Islands. "I would have loved to have gone there," she said, "but I gather that the only way to get there at this time of year is by canoe. And as the sharks there are none too friendly I think I'll give these islands a miss."

DOCTORS FIGHT THE SUMMER RASH AND SNEEZE

Doctors and scientists are still largely baffled by the allergies that strike over a million people about this time of year. But a housewife, who will be guest of honour at a conference here this week, seems to have made the breakthrough, writes CHERRY WARD.

The big allergy season is about to strike over a million people and until recently very little could be done about it. On 20 May, 150 doctors and scientists from America, Sweden, Europe and Britain meet to discuss developments in the Treatments of Allergy.

The guest of honour is Mrs Margaret Strauss, a typical American middle-aged housewife and mother who has worked at allergy research for years and who has discovered the most efficient cure in existence. Her discovery means that people suffering from certain allergies – particularly hay fever – can be permanently cured with seven or eight injections instead of the 15 or more which had to be repeated each time the allergy returned.

This is a great step forward and is much appreciated by the allergy victims themselves, who consider they have a pretty bad deal. One in 10 people suffer from some form of allergy and so far very little is known about them. For however irritating it may be to the thousands who are hit by their "speciality," they in fact suffer only now and then; and because allergies are not classed as lethal diseases, research has not developed as it could.

Allergies can be caused by pollen, dust, pets, guinea-pigs, horses, feathers, or anything under the sun – including the sun itself – and, what's more, even a husband or wife. Scores of tests on a man who suddenly developed asthma at the age of 45 all failed to find the cause. It was not until his overpowering wife died that doctors discovered what was wrong. He was allergic to his wife!

However, mother-in-law haters must not jump to happy conclusions – they may just be allergic to her cat!

It took doctors three months to find out what kept making 21-year-old Tim Schofield blush and break out in a rash. The answer was simple and had nothing to do with anything he ate or drank, nor were the flowers and the weather guilty. The trouble came from kissing his girl friend. "Every time you kiss her it sends up your temperature and makes your blood overheat," was the diagnosis. Sure enough, after a few deliberate experiments, he had to admit that a kiss (from her) made him come out in a quick rash. His bewildered girl friend assured doctors she had never affected anyone else that way! Tim refused to get rid of the cause, but he has been taking pills before a kiss ever since.

Town housewives who never get a whiff of country air, pollen or cut grass often have severe hay fever. Dr Voorhorst of Leiden University Hospital thinks the cause is a microscopic living creature with a bristly body and four pairs of legs which is found in house dust.

A Harley Street allergist, who also works at the Wright-Fleming Research Institute, said: "The first thing is to find the cause and in most cases the best cure is to remove it! Very few allergies can be cured by medicine, but fortunately hay fever can be checked. It is the most serious because it can develop into asthma and, as you know, people die of asthma."

This scientist has worked in allergy research all his life – ever since a wasp stung him at college. "That, too," he grinned, "can be very dangerous indeed, and is really nasty. I decided to conquer allergy. Mrs Strauss is really helping innumerable allergists, thanks to her discovery, which has lasting effects. Any other drugs used up to now give only temporary relief, and, what is more, they usually provoke drowsiness, which is bad for work and dangerous for car drivers."

There is a possibility that we are all allergic to something, but we either ignore it because we have never come into contact with the thing we would be allergic to, or have such minor attacks that the rash or runny nose is put down to something more evident or immediate.

Some patients can be immunised by being vaccinated with an extract of the very thing that provokes their allergy. The Bencard Research Laboratories in Brentford, Middlesex, cured a woman who was sensitive to sherry by injecting her with a vaccine made from the sherry. From then on she was able to drink sherry normally, without any ill-effects.

This, of course, is no good for the baby who is allergic to his mother.

The Bencard Research Laboratory has been buying ordinary household dust for a shilling a pound for years in their never-ending search for the hundred-thousand-and-one things to which the body can be allergic.

Mrs Strauss's product is now on the market in Canada, the United States, Sweden and Britain. This is the first big conference to be held in Britain to be devoted entirely to allergies. The discussions may well change the lives of thousands of sufferers.

EMERY'S RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Just after the war, a demobilised comedian with ambition, but no job, was sent along by the Labour Exchange to try his hand as a waiter at the Savoy Restaurant. There is no record what the customers thought of Dick Emery as a waiter, but the management clearly thought he was a riot. After a mere 20 years, they begged him to return. Graciously, Emery accepted. He opens in cabaret in the Savoy Restaurant on 23 May for a fortnight. To get the feel of the place again, he went along last week, and couldn't resist the temptation to knock up a few quid in tips . . .

can't see no spider, madam.

Nothing like a little bit of moisture to get a shine.

Those flipping mice'll drink anything.

That's known as the Chef's Revenge, madam.

The staff laundry will have their joke.

If I put that in the tronc, they'll lynch me.

IF YOU WANT TO BECOME AN EXPERT ON WINE

Twenty-five oenologists – people who make a study of wine – will attend a five-day course at research laboratories in Surrey next month. From 27 June, they will have an intensive series of lectures and practical work for a fee of 26 guineas. The courses for these wine students are being staged by the Oenological Research Laboratories at their premises in Ockley.

Two courses were schemed for April and May, and bookings were so brisk, the organisers decided to hold another next month. At Ockley, the research people have moved into new teaching laboratories and lecture rooms. Students will be accommodated in a local hotel. During the courses, which are held mainly for people in the wine trade, they will have three lectures, morning and afternoon. Over lunch, they will drink – and discuss – various wines.

They will be shown a film on the production of Blue Nun wine, and another about sherry. Then they will discuss the technicalities with the lecturers, Mr A Massel, Mr D J Beeson and Mr Richard Cole. Mr Massel says students come from all over England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and the Channel Islands. To date, he says, the courses have attracted maximum attendances. Chairman of the Research Laboratories is Major-General Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, who has made his vineyard at Milldown, Hambledon, Hants, available until the Ockley vineyard is established.

Following the planting of the vineyards at Ockley, work began on establishing a winery, to assist students in the theoretical and practical aspects of production, and the selection and handling of wine. The laboratories are said to be the first of their kind in the country, and young people in the wine trade are principally enrolling for courses.

Mr Massel comments: "Amateur wine-makers and people interested in wines may apply for courses, but they are rather technical."

ANGELA INCE

Ask any 10 people for their definition of gracious living and you will get any 10 answers, ranging from the frankly financial to the vaguely ludicrous. Some people think gracious living is not having to wear a vest, because everywhere you go is warm – even your car is heated-up on frosty mornings by your chauffeur before you get into it.

Some people think gracious living is walking into Asprey's and saying "I'll take four of them" without asking how much they cost, whatever they are. Some people think gracious living is dinner on the terrace with candles in storm lanterns and a hint of bougainvillaea in the air. Some people think gracious living is playing backgammon with a 14th earl; other people think it's going to Dolly's with Paul McCartney.

As far as I can gather from a rather arbitrary research project I have carried out during the last week, current standards of graciousness and non-graciousness go something like this: Staffordshire bullterriers are gracious; poodles are not. Land Rovers are gracious (presumably because they imply you have some land to rove over), Jaguars are not. Poodles in the back of Jaguars, therefore, especially if there are two of them and they are wearing little tartan jackets, are a dead loss in the race for graciousness. Avocado pears are gracious, and so are chips, as long as they're called chips and not *pommes frites*. Bridge, backgammon, mahjong and picquet are all gracious games; canasta and Rugby League are not. Private railway halts are gracious, but private landing strips are thought to be a fraction ostentatious.

Not knowing what you are going to have for dinner because your housekeeper hasn't told you is gracious; but not knowing what you are having for dinner because you forgot the butcher shuts on Monday afternoon is definitely not. Having someone run your bath for you is gracious, but it is not gracious if they ask at what temperature you like it and you don't know. Men in tail coats are gracious, but their whines and mutters as they get into them are not.

One girl's idea of the ultimate in graciousness is to come home and find her husband playing Bach on a harpsichord after a hard game of polo, neatly combining brawn with the intellect. But she admitted that she was more likely to come home and find him watching *Juke Box Jury* after a slow game of golf.

Up to now my idea of gracious living has been not having to know what detergent is for – but now I know better. I have been given a glimpse of the life gracious by *American Vogue*, a publication which is as gracious as anything. The people who inhabit its pages also inhabit brownstone houses in New York, private patches of beach in Long Island, the more elegant quarters of San Francisco (you wouldn't catch them in Los Angeles, though) and the deeper parts of the South. They drop in at Hyannisport, hunt in Virginia, shoot tigers in India (as guest of a maharajah – they are never, by any chance, tourists).

Their conversation, as reported by *Vogue*, is pretty rarefied. According to "What People are Talking About," in the issue I laid hands on, they chat merrily about "Andy Warhol's silvery pillow, four feet by two feet, that floats, filled with helium, around his studio . . . in Paris, the zizz of Marguerite Duras's new play, *Des Journées Entieres dans les Arbres*, and of Madeleine Renaud, fantastic in it . . . the Roto-Relief, a black-velvet framed optical device, at Castelli Gallery, devised by Marcel Duchamps in the thirties . . ."

The kind of people you meet in the pages of *American Vogue* are enviably wealthy, witty, beautiful and intelligent; they have "Candid charm, low clear voices, stern spines, and a conquering ambition." They also have "the kind of profile that once might have fetched its possessor to the guillotine." It is in describing the way in which one of these couples live that *Vogue* pin-points, for me at any rate, the gracious life. In their drawing-room "On a Sheraton table a book of drawings lies open to a different place each day." Well, there you are – *that's* gracious living.

Who's that knocking at my door? Well, currently it may be the Glitter Girls to offer me a prize if I can show them a Trebor Mint. Recently it was girls dressed as chickens, sent out by an eager Egg Marketing Board to cluck their way into my kitchen and see if we're having eggs for breakfast. It used to be the White Tide Man or the Fairy Snow Man, two of a long line of detergent and household cleaner advertising campaigns.

I wish they'd all go away.

I imagine most housewives feel as I do: that this kind of campaigning paints a rather unflattering portrait of the way in which advertising executives think of the Average Woman.

Next week the Chelsea Flower Show opens. Visitors to the show will be able to gaze enviously at new varieties, new machinery to make gardening life easier, new methods of getting rid of pests. But London gardeners who are planning to spend money on Derris, DDT or proprietary washes to get rid of caterpillars, may well be wasting their time. It has been announced that the Greater London Council is planning to spend around £50,000 on a butterfly breeding farm to stock London's parks and open spaces with Camberwell Beauties, Painted Ladies, and Swallow Tails.

I am all for Wild Life Conservancy, but it seems to me that there is a time, a place and a budget for everything. I don't know how many houses (or for that matter, car-parks) you can build for £50,000. But as a ratepayer in Greater London – and owner of a small Open Space in which I spent some time yesterday picking caterpillars off a flowering plum – I call this a frightful waste of money.

There are times when a man must put his foot down

In the Cresta you can out-accelerate practically every other saloon on the road

You can shoot away from every standing start, and soon put traffic in the driving mirror. Cresta's magnificent performance takes care of traffic and takes command of the open road. Cresta has a reserve of power that makes overtaking that much safer.

Let the powerful 3.3 litre engine sweep you away while you enjoy Cresta's gracious six-seater luxury. It's time you put your foot down—in a Cresta. Get in touch with your Vauxhall dealer.

Cresta £960.7.6. Cresta de luxe £1058.17.1. *Prices include P.T. Delivery charges extra*

Cresta by Vauxhall

Billy Graham is due in London to begin "the most ambitious evangelistic undertaking of this generation." The crusade opens at Earls Court on 1 June. Here, *London Life* reporter JOHN McLEOD examines the background of this amazing man, the publicity machine that has helped to give him world-wide fame, and Billy Graham's words about his campaign here.

MY LONDON CRUSADE—BY BILLY GRAHAM

"I knelt alongside the 18th green of the golf course, bowing my knees and my heart, and said: 'All right, Lord, if you want me, you have got me'."

With those words, so simple – yet so symptomatic of the American sense of drama – William Franklin Graham dedicated himself to the service of God. At that moment, round midnight, as he knelt on the turf, Billy Graham was doubtless filled with the sincerity and humility he so ably projects in crowded stadiums, or over countrywide TV networks.

I don't suppose he ever considered, as he gave his vow of committal, that within 20 years he would be highlighted as one of the phenomena of the century. A trailblazing, revered, suspected, controversial Christian leader. Somewhere along the way, from his farm birthplace near Charlotte, North Carolina, to a world-wide pulpit and super-tax salary bracket, Graham and a vast publicity machine have put his individual stamp on revivalist preaching everywhere.

It is this powerhouse propagation of the Graham gospel that has caused traditional theologians to shy in horror. Simultaneously, however, thousands have thrown themselves on the altar of adulation which has grown up round the handsome, sophisticated evangelist. Graham sees himself simply as "a messenger of Christ." He states categorically: "What I say and do is unimportant. What I'm doing is quoting Christ."

But, inevitably, to many held by his highly-personal magnetism, Graham the man has come to overshadow the Christ-word he claims to be transmitting. Detached observers will be able to note the quality and quantity of his personality again when the Greater London Crusade begins at Earls Court on 1 June. This is described by the London Crusade offices as "the most ambitious evangelistic undertaking of this generation." Certainly, two years have been spent in preparation for it. And closed-circuit TV will relay the London meetings to major cities throughout Britain.

At 47, Graham heads an organisation which, by methods and results, rivals any top commercial selling agency anywhere in the world. Thousands of workers are brought into the operation. This routine has been followed for this year's London meetings.

It is this "machine" invoked by Graham which may have led to the modicum of distaste expressed by several churchmen of all denominations. But, undoubtedly, Graham stands alone and apart as a modern, driving force in world Christianity. Generally, there is willing concession to the man's sincerity, but there has also been infrequent attack over his reputed salary of 15,000 dollars a year, and the vast royalties he collects from writing.

Personality cult

Jealousy of his success may also account for the occasional element of "sniping" by anti-Graham factions. Unfortunately, the cult of personality surrounding Graham has, to many minds, submerged the message he is striving to put over.

To a degree, Graham's brand of free-ranging Christianity is mildly surprising when one considers his family background of rigid sectarianism. He was born in a log farmhouse on 7 November, 1918. When he was eight, he woul rise at 3 am to milk cows.

The family belonged to th strict Associate Reforme Presbyterian Church, whic was against liberal preachin Graham's early religious training was stern, and he wa forced to attend church. Onc he was whipped by his fathe for not paying close attentio to the sermon.

Graham reports that he wa converted in 1934, at a revival meeting staged by Mordeca Ham, an itinerant evangelist from Kentucky. Possibly inspired by Ham's oratory, Graham, that summer, became a brush salesman, and is reputed to have outsold every other brush salesman in North Carolina.

On returning to high school, he maintained his reputation as an indifferent student, preferring girls, baseball and driving the family car to study or prayer. The following

> "London is still the world's hub, and I believe that with much prayer centred on the city something will happen . . . God will act"

autumn, however, after sustained admonition by his parents, he went to college, failed his course, and was asked to leave after one term. He moved on to Florida Bible Institute, near Tampa, and while there, made the decision on the golf course that was to change his life, and the lives of people across the globe in years to follow.

Down and outs

He began preaching in a mission for down-and-outs. His first revival session was in a Baptist church in 1939. Word went round that Graham was a Presbyterian, and had never been immersed. When confronted with this, he astutely countered by saying he would be baptised at the end of the revival with any converts he succeeded in making. He and 81 others went into the water when the session ended.

Shortly after, he was ordained a minister, though he took no examinations, his superiors maintaining that his success with conversions proved his ability. In 1940, he enrolled at another college, gained a degree three years later, and married the daughter of a Presbyterian missionary.

In a biography of Graham, issued by London publicists engaged for this year's crusade, the following paragraph takes Graham's career one stage forward: "The Second World War being at its fiercest (in 1943) Graham toyed with the idea of entering the army or volunteering for the Chaplains Corps. He rejected both, however, in favour of becoming pastor of a small basement church in Western Springs, Illinois."

There, he was persuaded to broadcast a Sunday night radio programme, and hired George Beverley Shea to aid him as soloist. They called the programme *Songs in the Night*, and it proved a local success. But Graham favoured evangelistic preaching, and became a field representative of an organisation called Youth for Christ, founded in Chicago to fight teenage delinquency.

In 1945, he toured America, Canada and Britain organising groups. He was unknown then. But 10 years later, he was to return with a mammoth financial budget, a host of aides, and a firebrand style that led thousands to rush to him "declaring for Christ."

Next Tuesday, he will be back here to undertake his first London crusade in 11 years. His organisation has hired 27,000 square feet of Earls Court in expectation of vast attendances.

With all-American efficiency, the London crusade office set up headquarters at Piccadilly Circus 17 months ago. They say with commendable restraint: "Billy Graham looks forward to returning to England, where he has been given a warm welcome on previous preaching visits." And they quote Graham's message to his team: "If a crusade is blessed in London, it can influence the continent of Europe and the whole British Commonwealth, and can have an effect in the United States. It can touch the world."

The vision

If this be so, it is understandable to hear that Graham is urging Christians everywhere to pray for the London meetings. He tells his team: "Let's capture this vision and get worldwide prayer support on a scale that has never been known before, until millions of Christians feel that they are a part of this London campaign. London is still the world's hub, and I believe that with much prayer centred on the city, something will break, something will happen, and God will act."

Stirring words. And if the Graham "magic" has not lost its potency, this crusade should prove another record-breaker. In any case, the Graham Organisation feels supremely confident. The London office says: "Crusade leaders believe God has already begun to act."

NEW FACES

GERALDINE HART: because she has been signed up for the lead role in a West End play in the autumn; because when only four, at her convent school, she said she wanted to be an actress when she grew up; because she loves all the facets of life, and believes in being herself; because she is finding the stardom she deserves.

LORRAINE HAWKINS: because she is tall (5 ft. 8 in.) and delightfully proportioned; because she is particularly suited for fashion photography; because she can work in any "mood" required at a moment's notice; because the fashion world say she has terrific potential and that in a short while she should be right at the top.

THOM KEYES: because at 23 he's an up and coming writer; because he has been commissioned to write the screenplay of *The Wanting Seed*; because his first novel, *All Night Stand*, has hit the book stands; because this book is being published simultaneously in Britain and America.

JOAN KOMLOSY: because she is the co-manager of the pop group, the Bo Street Runners; because she looks great; because she is also an actress, a model, and a mother of two children; because she is a song-writer; because she wrote the flip-side of the Runners' latest single, *She's So Very Woman*; because she enjoys life.

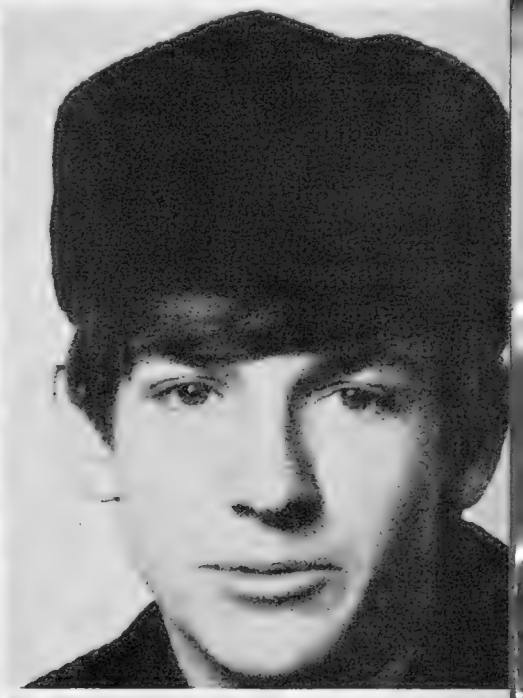
DAVID KARLZBERG: because at 17 he wrote a play called *The Last Days*; because now, at 23, he has published it as the world's most expensive play script; because he personally designed and published the play; because he is trying to give a new angle to plays and play-writing.

London is constantly receiving and producing its own crop of New Faces – in the world of fashion photography, the cinema, the straight theatre, and the pop scene. Here we present another cross-section of this exciting surge of talent, and explain why these particular New Faces are special enough to pick out from the crowd.

LIVIA NEWTON-JOHN: because she has just released a disc, *Till You Say You'll Be Mine*; because she has many TV and radio guest appearances and two years of her own TV show in Australia behind her; because she has now arrived in England to take a look at the British scene; because she combines looks, talent and personality with success.

SEAN BARRY: because he is at present engaged on the writing of a film script, which he hopes to produce in Germany later this year; because he likes to experiment with clothes; because he is a very keen horseman and can hit the gold from 500 paces in archery; because he is also an actor.

DIANA GILLESPIE: because she was discovered initially by Donovan; because she denies she is a folk singer, despite the fact that she wears her hair long, wears jeans, and plays a guitar; because she is adding glamour to the pop scene; because she has a mind of her own, and the words to express it; because she has a unique voice.



SPIDER: because in his capacity as a designer of clothes he has been associated with the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and the Walker Brothers; because he is now about to embark upon a career as a singer; because his outlook is "different"; because he has been a jockey, boat designer, farm labourer, builders' labourer, and a men's hair stylist; because he says he has much to see and learn.

ROBYN RICHARDSON: because she is 27, Australian, and is now finding stardom; because she is married to the celebrated pianist, Monty Richardson; because she has appeared in cabaret, TV shows, and photography work; because she breeds Siamese cats; because she takes life seriously.

'I expect Clay will get on his bike' says Henry Cooper...

"... He's a mover, and I've got to stop him moving," explains Cooper, commenting on the Big Fight. Clay's loud-mouth reputation has won him a following that makes him the natural "baddie" – which is fine, since Cooper is everyone's idea of the ideal "goodie." COLIN BELL takes up the story from here, and investigates the pros and cons of the two fighters who battle it out for the World Heavyweight Championship title at the Highbury Stadium on 21 May.

When they finish counting the money sometime this weekend, both Henry Cooper and Cassius Clay should have more than enough on which to retire. At 32, Cooper is on record as intending to do just that, and Clay may have no option, since he is not likely to be asked to box for his regiment. If they both decide to pack it in, it will have taken Cooper 12 years' professional fighting and Clay five.

They have, as none but the deaf and blind could fail to know, met once before, in June 1963. Cooper, already fairly mature for a title hope, became the first man to put the brash and bouncy Clay down – but lost his chance to prove that it was more than a despairing fluke, thanks to a badly gashed eye.

Since then Clay has astonished the boxing establishment by exposing Liston as either overrated, or old, by abandoning music-hall cheek for the menacing arrogance of the Black Muslims, and by making fairly light work of bashing various other contenders. Cooper, who has been somewhere in the running for a title fight since 1957, has been fighting rather better than for some years – and, more important, hasn't had a cut eye in his last four bouts. In January he impressively felled a much younger contender, Hubert Hilton.

The fact is, Cooper has just about as good a claim to fight Clay as any of the present crop of erratic heavyweights. But he actually got the chance because of Clay's pronouncements on military service, and Vietnam in particular. Clay's alimony, tax and tithes to the Muslims, make it necessary for him to rack up a good pay-night before he gets snatched by the army. Because his natural gift for alienating the white American public has now been reinforced by his so-called treasonable attitude over Vietnam, he can't fight in the US.

Satellites now make it possible for a British promotion to make money from transatlantic telecasting. And Cooper – gentlemanly, white – on the basis of that one knockdown in 1963, is an ideal casting for the role of Goodie.

The odds

So Henry, who first attracted attention as a shy, courteous and stylish boxer in the 1952 Olympics, gets to fight Cassius, the insolent, cocksure gold medallist at the 1960 Games. The vast majority of American whites, presumably all of Britain, and the old-school Negro leadership in America as well, will want to see him whip Clay. Even at four-to-one (the present odds as we go to press), I wouldn't personally put any money where the sentiment lies.

The fact is that since Marciano, the heavyweight division has been in a mess. Only careful nursing, one now realises, kept Patterson at the top, and only by fighting Patterson did Johansson get there. Liston made a fool of Patterson, and now Clay has shown just what a paper bear Liston was. Take all that – and then remember that Johansson knocked out Cooper in five rounds when both were still only hopefuls for a fight with Patterson; that Clay did, after all, beat Cooper once before; and that Clay is not only six years younger than Cooper, he is also heavier, taller, has two punching hands against one, and no conceivable interest in starting a sequence of return fights.

Boxing isn't, however, just a matter of the objective eyes of the bookmakers: it is a complex of emotional charges. A fighter whose own morale and determination is great, and who is swept out of his corner by the concerted bloodlust of 36,000 people, starts off with an inestimable boost. Cooper says: "I reckon I can beat him. I shall aim to get it over quickly if I can." Jim Wicks, "the Bishop," Cooper's 72-year-old manager, whose conversation might have been scripted by a minor Runyon, says: "I am not romancing when I say Henry will knock Clay out." Clay, on the other hand, sounds old and depressed: "I don't want no return clauses. If he beats me, OK. I'm about ready to retire, anyway."

It all helps feed one's partisan fantasies. Of course, it would be smashing if Cooper (normally known as "our 'Enery" in deference to Wicks's public style) thumped Muhummad Ali out into the 20-guinea seats. What a present for Mrs Cooper and little Henry, what a blow against Cassius and the Fruits of Islam.

Cooper at least has most of the attributes for a white gladiatorial symbol: universally recognised as a nice, unassuming, stylish (if one-handed) fighter, without any gangster associations. But the fact remains that his line of work probably inspires as many aggressive acts as it sublimates – just watch the driving back from Highbury after the fight.

Because so many of us get involved at so many levels of consciousness in any contest, we all too often wish on to the participants part or all of our own *naïveté*. At its simplest, sports writers always seem outraged when a champion evades his natural challenger. Our attitude is one of innocent hero-worship, and no matter how much we learn of the more squalid side of the trade, we go on pretending it is really a noble form of human struggle and achievement. Even Schulberg's *The Harder They Fall*, which prised the top off a peculiarly nasty aspect of boxing, suffered implicitly from the assumption that boxing *could* and *should*, be a splendid Olympian sport, where beautifully fit young men, gleaming with rectitude and odourless sweat, sparred in heroic poses to establish the best men.

Hunger

For those in the trade, a trade is just what it is. The best fighter is a hungry fighter, they say. What they mean is that nobody in their right mind would risk being clobbered out of it unless the potential rewards were distinctly material. Amateurs may plonk away at each other for honour – but wearing puffy gloves, under stringent control, and only for a few rounds. Going into a ring for up to 15 rounds, wearing

Trainer Danny Holland and Manager Jim Wicks frame their "Enery" in Wicks' office above the Thomas A Becket pub.

professional gloves, and expected to protest if some official finally relents and stops one being pounded into a hamburger, is strictly an occupation for cash.

Often, the boxers themselves allow their pride, and the popular vision, to confuse them into statements like Cooper's, speaking of the title: "I want it so bad it hurts." But Cooper has also said in the past, talking of a mooted fight with Patterson: "There is a lot of talk about the prestige to be gained from fighting a world champion, but if I fight Patterson it might be my last fight – and you can't live on prestige in your old age."

By comparison with promoter Levene, everyone else in the affair is but a ring-struck babe: he has been coaxed by one journalist into calling the fight "the greatest thing in my life, a wonderful dream come true." To me, when asked how he felt, he merely said: "How do I feel about the fight? I feel I'm the promoter – that's it." Further information on Mr Levene's emotions was denied me since I had regretfully to refuse to pay Mr Levene a fee for his comments: "I am a professional," said the promoter of what should be a £500,000 fight. And with no real prospect of stopping any punches, either.

By the time he collects his share of the cash, which he will in turn have to divvy up between manager, seconds, trainer, sparring partners, lawyers, accountants and the Inland Revenue, Henry Cooper will have earned some £250,000 from 12 years' professional boxing – or, to put a more realistic light on what his income would have been without the Clay windfall, he will have averaged just over £4,000 a fight, and topped it off with just one bout for £50,000. For that income, good as it is, he has taken a number of thumpings, had his fingers broken, his eyebrows methodically converted into still-fragile scar-tissue, been booed out of the ring, dismissed at least three times as an old has-been, and spent large periods of time in the monastic atmosphere of a training camp.

Training for this fight, like that for most of his fights, has been split between two pubs. The Duchess of Edinburgh, at Welling, in Kent, is the headquarters for roadwork and planning, and the Thomas A Becket, in the Old Kent Road, for sparring and the badinage with Press and fans. Neither of the pubs is particularly lovely.

And the régime imposed in training, whatever it may do for a fighter's fitness, can't do much for his morale, except to make him want to get the fight over as soon as possible. Against all this, and the fact

Continued overleaf

Cooper contemplative (left), and Cooper active — battering

Picture by Peter Akehurst

continued

that the logical end for a period of self-denying exertion is to walk into a ring and risk being put into hospital, the sacrifice begins to make sense when the fight in view is for the title. The *Sunday Mirror* is said to have paid £20,000 (or the price of five fights) for the rights to Cooper's first-person story – and it is unlikely that any newspaper would have been anywhere near *that* interested if Henry had only been able to close his career with yet another fight against one of the circus of British heavyweights. After all, one of the drawbacks about being the parfit gentil knight of British boxing is that one's memoirs tend to be short on chorus-girls, betting coups and monumental booze-ups.

What's more, if Cooper actually takes the title, he will have the attractive options of: retiring immediately as

Picture by John Kelly

the stuffing out of a punch-ball, with, of course, his LEFT. "If only "Enery' 'ad a right 'and wallop," his supporters lament

undefeated champion, and earning substantial amounts from commercial endorsements: of putting his title up a few times against mediocre opposition (which is a perfectly normal course for world champions): or of stringing along with a genuine contender until the price is right to risk retiring as defeated champion. Already in the greengrocery trade at three sites, Cooper should be a thoroughly capitalised businessman by the end of 1967. Clay has had a shorter, more glamorous and less arduous career than the challenger.

Lesser gymnasts pursue Clay hopelessly until he has them furious and panting . . . then he punches faster than any other heavyweight.

Cooper says of Clay: "I expect he'll get on his bike. He's a mover, and I've got to stop him moving." Clay of Cooper: "In the fourth last time, Cooper had me – only the gong saved me. A lot of people think he can cut me up." If Cooper's skin finally hardens so that it takes more than a few jabs to split, it may be a straight race between Cooper's left and his 32-year-old legs.

But the longest odds of all are against it going 15 rounds. Since a distinction that both fighters share is a reputation for being good finishers – and not letting a groggy fighter off the hook – predictions are anyone's guess. Either way, somebody is going to say afterwards that neither of those "bums" would have stood a chance against Marciano, or Louis, or Dempsey . . . or maybe Tommy Burns – the last champion to defend his title in London, in 1908.

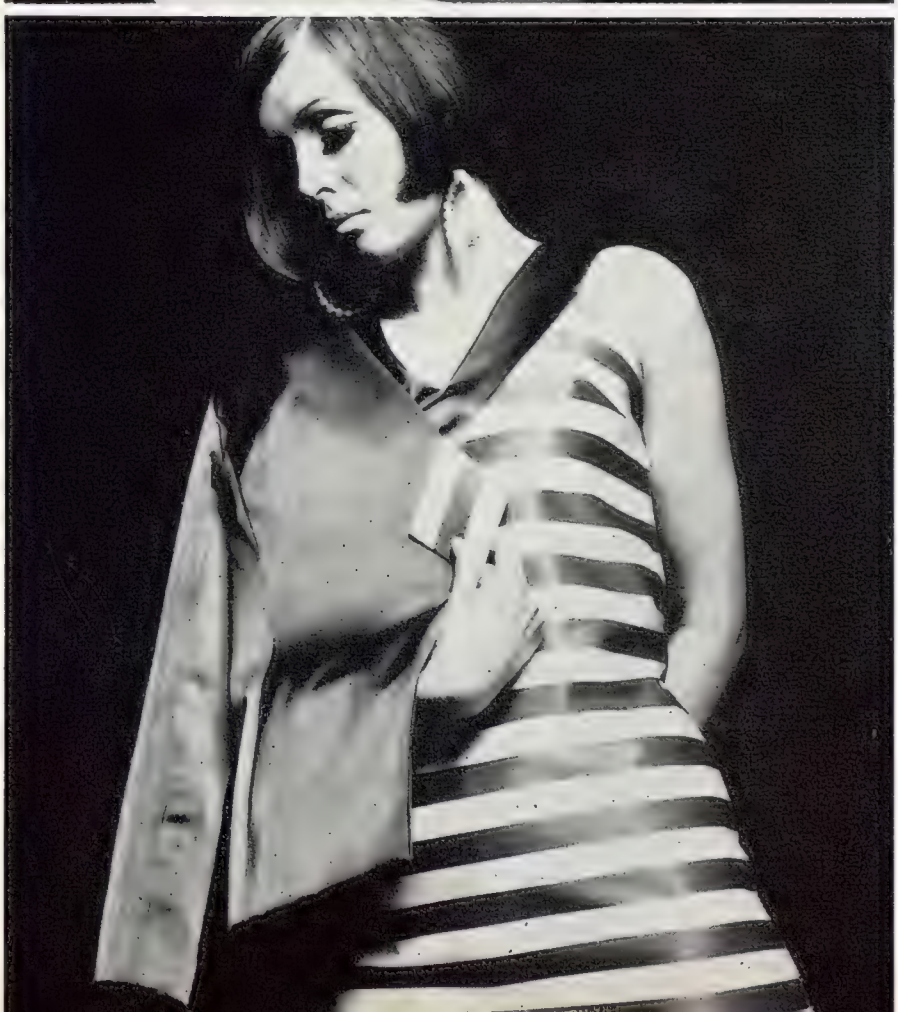
The Big Fight is at Highbury Stadium, 21 May. Public admitted between 6 and 8 pm. Time of the fight depends on when the communications satellite is in the right position for transmitting pictures "live" to America.

LONDON LIFE'S WORLD CUP TEAM

What with the World Cup, the football season is really still with us. And what with girls getting as enthusiastic as boys about soccer, we have two good reasons for football fashions this summer. John Craig have made cotton crepon shirts in variations on World Cup colours, and have obtained the exclusive rights from the Football Association to call them "World Cup football shirts." *London Life* girls (left) made their own World Cup team, and loved the mouth-watering colours – pale primrose and lilac, icy turquoise, deep purple and crisp navy among them – every one a winner for all competitive occasions. The dresses on the right are ideal for watching the match and (especially the lower one) for celebrating afterwards.

Pictures by Peter Akehurst

Watch the match in this claret and amber (Bradford City colours) cotton jersey shirt dress designed by Anne Tyrrell for John Marks. Price 6 guineas at Alexis, 192 King's Rd, SW3 (FLA 9266) and Bentalls, Kingston-upon-Thames (KIN 1001). Beret, at 8s 11d by Kangol at 5th Avenue, 184 Oxford St, W1 (LAN 6175). Dickins & Jones, Regent St, W1 (REG 7070), Bourne & Hollingsworth, Oxford St, W1 (MUS 1515).



Celebrate, or drown your sorrows, in this red and white (Arsenal colours, among others) striped matt satin dress and jacket by Angela at London Town. Price 12 guineas, at Lady Jane, 29 Carnaby St, W1 (GER 2097) Pearl hoop earrings, price one guinea at Palisades, 26 Ganton St, W1 (REG 4106).

Back to the colour picture on the left: shirt price £2 9s 6d at Separates Centre, 283 Oxford St, W1 (GRO 3920). Maryon, 362 Oxford St, W1 (MAY 6940). Bazaar, 46 Brompton Rd, SW3 (KNI 8477). 138a King's Rd, SW3 (KNI 5300).

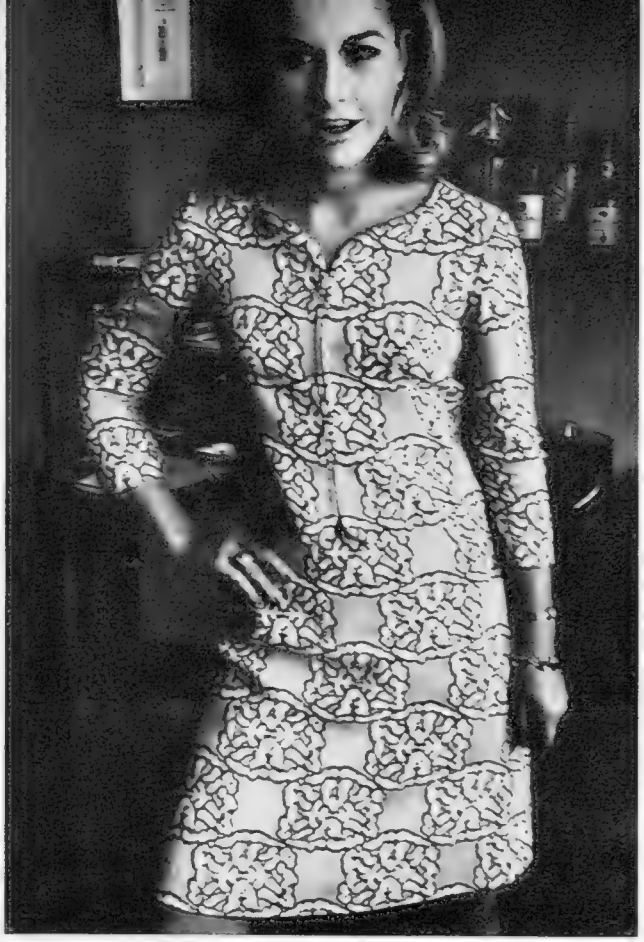
WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING

NORMA PARNELL (above), actress wife of John Heyman, the theatrical agent, wearing a pink silk ottoman long evening coat by John Bates for Jean Varon.

LADY ENCOMBE (left), wife of photographer John Encombe (who took this picture), in the garden of their Wimbledon home. She is wearing a Bulgarian sheepskin coat, heavily embroidered in multi-coloured silks. It bears the date 1926.

languages, used to be a translator and edit dictionaries. She is now training in a solicitor's office in London. She is wearing a black organza dress by Frank Usher.

JUSTINE McCARTHY (right), an Australian model working over here, wearing an embroidered two-piece in beige and dark brown, which she bought at the Robert Leader Boutique in New York.



MARTA SAMPSON (below), antique dealer who has a shop in the King's Road, wearing a plum wool dress from "The Carrot on Wheels" in Fulham Road. Her earrings were bought in Florence from the Elizabeth Arden Boutique. Her antique fob-watch has been in the family for many years.

JUDITH CAHILL (above), dress designer at Travers Tempos, photographed in her workroom wearing a printed linen coat that she designed herself and which is now on sale in the shops.

JILL NEVILLE (left), whose novel *Fall Girl* was published recently, is an advertising copywriter. Here she wears a maroon corduroy suit from Top Gear.

THIS SHOULD ROUSE THE ROYAL GHOSTS

The Hampton Court ghosts will relive the most dramatic moments of their lives this summer with Christopher Ede's production of *Son et Lumière*. Ede, and scriptwriter John Mortimer, have chosen the era which includes the courtship, marriage and death of Anne Boleyn and ends with the death of Jane Seymour. They consider that this period, between 1514 and 1537, is one of the most familiar and touching in our history. Henry VIII will be portrayed as a dashing, charming young man, as indeed he was at that period, rather than the fat, grotesque character he became later.

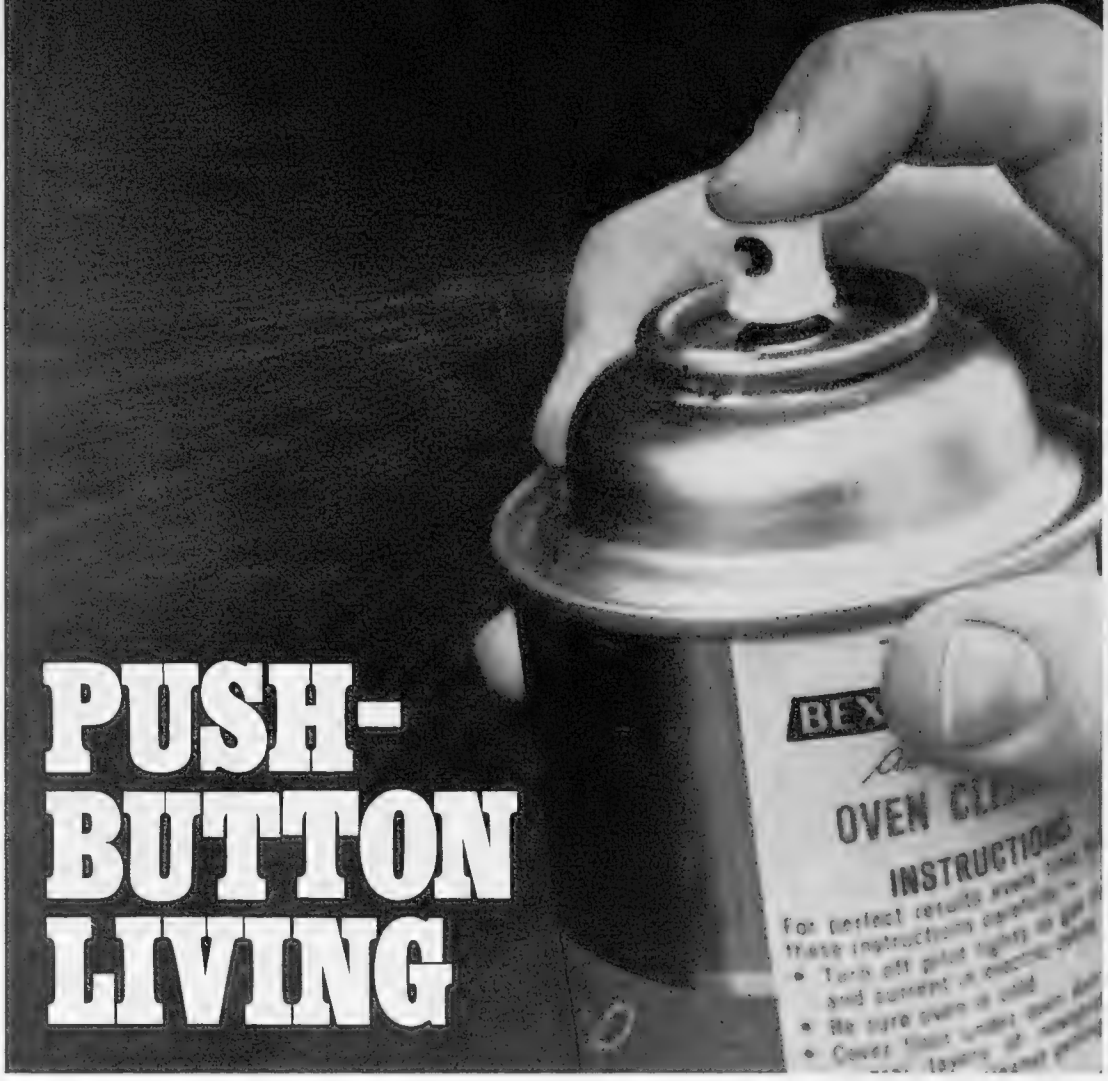
Son et Lumière was so popular last year at Hampton Court that it enabled the company to give £15,000 to charity. Each night about 1,000 paid from 8s 6d to a guinea for seats. About 400 a night paid 5s to stand. This year's presentation is in aid of the Multiple Sclerosis Society of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and to support the research projects of the Muscular Dystrophy Group of Great Britain. "The most difficult job is finding actors with the right voice," Ede explained. The voices of Dorothy Tutin, John Neville and Michael Hordern will be used.

The spectacle takes a month to install. There are two miles of cable and 175 electrical fittings. The lighting is controlled through a computer which changes the lights in accordance with the sound track. Only one man is needed to begin and end the spectacle.

It was in 1958 that Ede produced the first all-British *Son et Lumière*, at Buxton in Derbyshire. It opened in a snowstorm and was a financial disaster, but this did not deter him. Since then he has put on two or three productions a year.

But Hampton Court is Ede's favourite and it will certainly lighten the tragic gloom the royal ghosts wrap themselves in at night throughout the rest of the year.

Son et Lumière will open at Hampton Court Palace on 30 June and run until 24 September.



As more and more products become available in aerosol form, we can kill or cure with just a push on a button. In fact, these sprays are becoming so much a part of our lives that we wonder how we lived without them, writes ANGELA INCE.

In 1965 128 million aerosols were sold; hair-sprays alone were responsible for 44 million, insecticides for 18 million, oven-cleaners, a comparatively new arrival, for eight million. Sales are expected to reach 250 million by 1970, and we're still behind the Americans, who use an average of seven aerosols per person every year.

Yet 15 years ago aerosols were shy newcomers in the British market. Cooper, McDougall & Robertson, early producers of aerosol packs, put their first, a fly-spray, on the market in 1950. This was just a beachhead, though; new troops arrived and invaded the garden, the living-room, the bathroom and most of all the kitchen. Aerosols have become part of our lives in the same take-it-for-granted way as zip-fasteners or sticky-tape.

You can now kill or cure with an aerosol; it is the best weapon ever invented against flies, bluebottles, greenflies because it's there, ready to use, before the fly has had time to wander off somewhere. As for cures, you can spray hot tired feet with one kind of aerosol, and cuts, scratches and bruises with another. You can polish a table, oil a hinge, starch a shirt, clean an oven, "proof" a moth. You can even, since January, clean a pipe with one (made by Falcon Pipes Ltd.).

Aerosols divide into two categories – the kind that are essential and indispensable (what did we do before they were invented?), and the kind that are simply fun to have around because they help to make housework less of a drudge.

Into the first category fall, as far as I am concerned, aerosols that make messy chores less messy. Oven cleaners come high on this list (Bex Bissell have recently brought out a new one at 6s 11d), and so do paint sprays. U-Spray paint, available in nine colours, and in white, gold and silver, has recently dropped its price from 12s 6d to 9s 11d. Aerosol starches are something that no ironing board should be without (though I find they have a tiresome tendency to clog, unless you're careful). I, for one, am pretty sold on aerosol defrosters, window-cleaners and moth-proofers.

Aerosols, being pressure-filled, have to be treated with respect. They should never be punctured or burnt, even when empty; they should be kept out of the reach of children; they should be stored out of direct sunlight and away from heat, and some of them should not be used in a confined space.

The list of products you can buy in aerosol form gets longer and stranger every week. You can, for instance, now buy zip-fastener lubricants, cat repellents, leather conditioners, telephone disinfectants, poultry sprays, sheep marking sprays, surface anaesthetics, water repellents and artificial snow. It's a push-button age, all right.

HOW TO GO BY MINI-CAB WITHOUT FUSS

Mini-cabs are no longer those diminutive cars that caused a taxi war a few years ago. But those run by some firms have caused annoyance to customers, either because they were old or didn't turn up on time. Today, however, you can expect good cars, and cheap, efficient service from most of the mini-cab firms. Here SHEILA FITZJONES provides facts and figures about some of the best.

Mini-cab firms come and go but the mini-cab service seems well-enough established now to go on for ever. Indeed, the mini-cab service in London is mushrooming at a rate of two new firms a week. Their advantage over ordinary taxis (still the most reliable and cheapest for short journeys) is that they begin charging only at the moment they actually pick up the passenger. They don't charge a return fare (as taxis do if you go beyond their six-mile limit) and, if you do return, the rate per mile is often halved.

Mini-cabs also have special rates for particular trips, such as Goodwood, London Airport, the docks, and so on, and there are no extra charges for luggage or for extra passengers. Points against them are that some companies' cars are old and some drivers don't always know London very well. And a few companies are so keen to make money that they will promise you a car at a specified time and at the last minute will let you down.

The following is a list of some of the reliable mini-cab companies:

Auto-Cabs (Everywhere) Ltd: VIC 6283 and DIL 1122.
Established about three years and have about 40 radio-controlled Morris Oxfords. Prices charged according to meters (average about 2s a mile). Minimum charge of 5s. Waiting time 10s an hour. No cheap returns. Fixed prices on journeys over 40 miles. Good and reliable at carrying messages. Open 24 hours.

Blue Cabs: WEL 6813.
Owner-driven cars, most of which register each trip independently. Eight cars on day shift, three on nights, ranging from Ford Cortinas to Humber Super-Snipes (all cost the same). Minimum charge 7s 6d for four miles and under, then 2s a mile. Fixed price London Airport from Central London: £2; Gatwick: £3. Good tie-ups with other firms and if they can't send a cab round will try and get another firm to do so. Switchboard open 24 hours.

City Car Hire: TER 0221 (25 cars); HOP 7381 (20 cars); WEL 4440 (18 cars); ARL 6966 (14 cars); STE 5066 (14 cars).
This firm bought the original mini-cab service, Welbeck Motors. Their cars are mainly new Zephyrs and Cortinas, half of which have ordinary meters, the others special trip mileage meters. Minimum charge is 7s 6d for five miles and over that 2s a mile; waiting time is 15s an hour. Fixed price: 45s from Central London to Airport, but they do return trips at half-price for any journey over 10 miles.

Abbey Cars: PAR 2637; BAY 4767; BAY 4653; GLA 0133.
Fifty cars in Bayswater, 10 in Cricklewood. Grandest is Mercedes which costs no more to hire than their Cortinas, Rovers, etc. They also have some estate cars and two small vans for removing luggage and light furnishings, etc. Rates, 6s minimum charge for three miles and under, then 2s a mile. Waiting time 15s. Sometimes will reduce return fares but no official ruling about this and it is up to the driver. Good at doing messages.

Kenway Court Cars Co Ltd: FRO 5051/2/3. About 15 owner-drivers on their books. Minimum charge 5s for first two and a half miles, then 2s mile. Will make special arrangements for long distances: i.e. Tilbury £3, Brighton £4 10s. 30s to Airport from Earls Court area, and half-price back on all return journeys. Do much delivery work of parcels, letters, etc. Open 24 hours.

Minicabs, Kensington: FRO 2371.
Original mini-cab people in Kensington, nicknamed FROBER 1, which is an easy way of remembering their number as you get through to them if you dial that. Fifteen cars, including estate cars. Charges 2s mile, minimum charge 5s. Half-price back on long distances.

Autohall: TEM 1525 and RIV 8781.
Basically run a self-drive hire service but also have 11 mini-cab drivers working for them. Charge 2s mile, minimum fare 15s. London Airport from Central London £2 5s. Also run chauffeur service charged by the hour and mileage – rates are £1 an hour and 1s 9d mile. Also hire out vans: 15-cwt costs £1 16s day and 4d mile, and 30-cwt £3 day and 6d mile. West End branch open 7 am-1 am, Riverside branch open 8 am-6 pm.

Minicars (Hampstead): HAM 7476.
Seventeen cars, all radio-controlled. 2s mile, minimum charge 7s 6d. Waiting time 15s. Most customers come from NW area and Central London. No half-fares back. Fixed rate to Airport from Hampstead or Central London is 2 guineas. Prompt 24-hour service.

SPECIAL CAR SERVICE FOR TOURISTS
Organised by **Take-A-Guide**, 11 Old Bond Street, W1 (HYD 1688). Small cars with helpful guide for tourists cost £4 10s for half-day (take up to three passengers) or larger car taking up to five passengers costs £5 10s. All day rates are £9 or £11 respectively, and night drive (two hours of sightseeing) costs £4 10s or £5 10s.

They also do conducted shopping tours with cars driven by attractive, fashion-conscious girls who can help tourists save time and money with discounts and advice about which shops to go to – rates are £4 10s for morning or afternoon. Or you can get a chauffeur to drive your own car for £9 a day, or £4 10s for a half-day.

ART BEFORE OX-ROASTING IN CITY FESTIVAL

The City is going straitlaced for this year's Festival of Arts. Out go the ox-roasting and sideshows of previous years. Instead, the accent will be almost exclusively on more serious aspects. Festival chairman, the Earl of Drogheda, said: "To wake up a synthetic sense of jollity is a very doubtful proposition. We must remember that this is a festival of the arts."

But although jollity is out, the organisers are certainly not stinting the money. The budget – £116,000 – is the highest yet, helped by the biggest grant so far from the Corporation of London. They are giving £35,000 and the Arts Council has guaranteed the sum of £5,000.

This year's festival will include performances of Benjamin Britten's *The Burning Fiery Furnace* and *Curlew River* at Southwark Cathedral; Gilbert and Sullivan's *Yeomen of the Guard* at the Tower of London, and Verdi's *Requiem* at St Paul's Cathedral. The *Yeomen of the Guard* alone will cost £35,000 to stage – but this includes insurance against bad weather. Money can be refunded if the performance is rained off within half an hour of the start, and the organisers will be reimbursed for the loss incurred.

Other plans include concerts by the London Symphony Orchestra, the New Philharmonia and the English Chamber Orchestra. The Mermaid Theatre will stage the première of a new play by Bill Naughton called *He Was Gone When They Got There*, and Patrick Wymark and Barbara Jefford will appear at the Drapers' Hall in a programme about Samuel Pepys.

But the organisers have made a slight concession to the lighter side of life with a beer garden and old-time music hall in Upper Thames Street, and a firework display at Blackfriars Bridge on 8 July, which is to herald the festival's opening.

City Festival of Arts opens on 11 July and runs until 23 July. Further information from Harold Holt (WEL 2331).

THE AMBITION THAT DRIVES JOHN SURTEES

He has the MBE, two boxer dogs, seven acres of garden in Surrey and enough determination to frighten off almost anyone. He is John Surtees, Ferrari works driver, the 1964 World Champion driver and seven times motorcycle World Champion. He is 32, married, and after a terrifying crash in Canada last year he demonstrated that quality of determination by winning the 620-mile sports car race at Monza in April this year and a week later taking the chequered flag in the Syracuse Grand Prix, both in Ferrari's.

On 22 May he will be driving a Ferrari in that screaming battle round the houses, the Monaco Grand Prix. Motor racing pundits forecast this year could see Surtees as the World Champion driver again.

To discover what sort of man he is, I spoke to his friends who know him on the track, and to Surtees himself away from the noise and excitement at his home in Surrey.

First, Tim Parnell, racing driver son of the late Reg Parnell who helped Surtees cut his teeth on four-wheel motoring: "He is a man of terrific determination and absolute dedication. At the track he is 100 per cent. concentration on the race ahead. He always seems calm and it's very rare for him to lose his temper."

Parnell says of Surtees, away from the track, "He is a very astute businessman, you would have to get up early to put one over on him."

By Early Bird and telephone I asked Eric Broadley, now at Indianapolis for the "500," for his views on this quiet Londoner. Broadley designed the Lola racing car which Surtees has often driven – and, in fact, he was driving a Lola T-70 when he crashed in Canada.

Says Broadley: "He is a self-contained man and, in a way, introverted. He is completely dedicated with an intense desire to prove himself. Not a social sort of man, not a lot to say but with a terrific ability for self-application; when he is test driving he's just like a machine."

Eoin Young, driver Bruce McLaren's racing manager, said at his headquarters in Colnbrook, Middlesex: "I suppose John is the driver the other drivers like least of all, because for him winning is the be all and end all of racing. He has a quite fantastic fighting spirit. Yet away from the track he is a very unassuming little bloke."

Bruce McLaren, who will be on the starting grid at the Monaco Grand Prix on 22 May with Surtees, says of his rival:

"I hate apathy, inefficiency and those people who spend their lives wishing. People must have a target, then try their damned hardest."

"He has a lot of determination and dedication. He can be the nicest fellow you ever met and sometimes – well, he can't. He doesn't have much time for things outside motor racing. I think I would bracket him with Jack Brabham, Jim Clark and Dan Gurney; none of them are extroverts."

Stirling Moss is another driver who has raced against Surtees. Of the early 'sixties, when Surtees first converted to four wheels, Moss says: "I often had the feeling he would win if he managed to stay on the road. I find him very straight; he calls a spade a spade and a shovel a shovel. He's a fighter, clean but definitely press-on. I would say this year he has a very good chance of being World Champion again."

Most of the Ferraris sold in this country come through the firm of Maranello Concessionnaires. They also run their own racing team and the company chairman, Col Ronnie Hoare, says of Surtees. "He is a most likeable person, very modest without any airs or graces. As you know, he is totally, utterly dedicated to racing; he thinks, eats, sleeps, dreams motor racing. He's very tense at all times. I don't think I've ever seen him relax. He and Enzo Ferrari are on the closest possible terms and Ferrari is a fervent admirer of John's. And his wife, Patricia, is a wonderful influence on him and a marvellous asset to his team."

John Surtees married on Valentine's Day in 1962, since when he and his wife have bought a large, comfortable house on the Surrey-Kent border. On average he spends a mere five or six weeks a year at home and it was on one of these rare visits I spoke to him. He bustled in from his office revealing a slight limp – a permanent legacy of his Canadian crash – explaining his left leg was now a little shorter than the right: "And I haven't got my built-up shoe on."

"I suppose I am a person of contrasts," he says, "but peace and quiet mean a tremendous amount to me here at home."

He likes watching old movies on TV and delights in the lavish musical: "My life is full of the practical, so I prefer something completely escapist." Reflecting his friend's opinion of his even-temperedness, he says, "There is often quite a turmoil going on inside: it just doesn't show."

Of the things which annoy him, he says: "I hate apathy, inefficiency and those people who spend their lives wishing. People must have a target, then try their damned hardest." He doesn't smoke, takes only the occasional glass of wine, he admits, with a grin, that he leads his life as "a lone hand." His dedication to racing he views as a natural process necessary to success.

About his racing, he says: "Naturally I get frightened. The crash in Canada was due to the thing we all fear – mechanical failure. I got a real fright then." His ultimate ambition is not just to win the World Championship again. "I want to satisfy myself completely I can do the things I think I can," he says, "then I'll quit and go into business, perhaps a garage, motor components."

John Surtees is, indeed, a dedicated man. He is also a genuine, friendly and intelligent individual who has fought his way to the top of a particularly exclusive tree. It takes his sort of dedication to get there and to stay there.

JOHN VINER

AGONY AND ECSTASY OF CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW

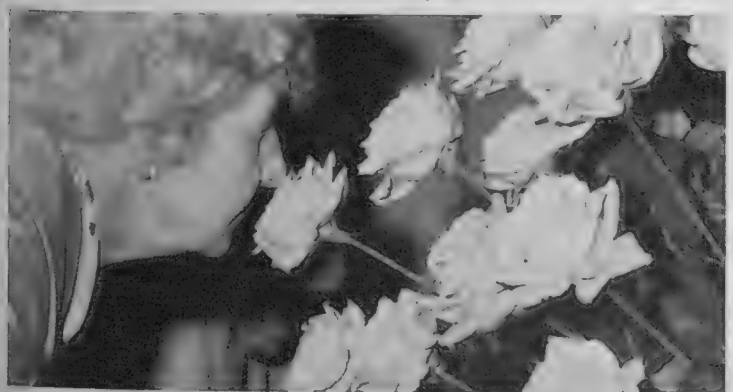
The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la, bloom best at the Chelsea Flower Show. Only superlatives do it justice. It is generally acknowledged to be the most important, largest, and finest horticultural show in the world – a fitting showcase for the work of a nation of gardeners – and described by all who see it as a "breathtaking spectacular." This year's, the 53rd Show, opens to the public for three days on 25 May. It will be held in the familiar south grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, its home since 1913.

The Royal Horticultural Society, sponsors of the Show, make a handsome profit, estimated at £50,000, out of its universal appeal. Not so the 330 exhibitors. The RHS do not charge for space at the Show, but the work, manpower, and money spent by exhibitors is hardly offset by the orders taken. The inexorable rise in costs has, however, put something of a damper on the Show. This year, as last, there will be only one rock garden exhibited, and three large seed firms (Suttons of Reading, Webbs of Stourbridge, and Carters of London) have decided not to display in the marquee.

Both the unpredictability of the English spring and the capriciousness of flowers contribute to the agonising uncertainty until the very last minute. Said Mr John Hamer, Secretary of the RHS and organiser of the Show, "Exhibitors, themselves, if they've got something startling, hold it back until the last minute. It's like showing a new car. Of course, they might well be thwarted. They might have a frost, or their greenhouse machinery might break down. It's not quite so simple as a car. I wish it were."

But the Chelsea Flower Show is not only an ecstatic spectacle. Its primary purpose is to promote the educational and scientific aspects of horticulture. "Horticultural sundries" (gardening tools, garden furniture, summer houses and so on) and books about gardening appear among the plants and flowers. For some, they are the most important part of the show.

Schedule and entry fees: **23 May,** Judging Day and Press Day. **24 May,** Fellows' Day – open only to members of the Royal Horticultural Society, but anyone can become a member by paying 2 guineas membership fee. **25 May,** Open to the public, from 8.30 am to 8 pm. £1 entry fee. **26 May,** Open to the public, from 8.30 am to 8 pm. 15s entry fee. **27 May,** Entry fee from 8.30 to noon – 7s 6d. Entry fee from noon to 5 pm – 5s. Show closes at 5 pm.



One visitor who found fragrance as well as visual beauty at last year's Show

Thursday 19 May

Theatre: *Their Very Own and Golden City* opens at the Royal Court Theatre. 7.0 (see page 44)

Lunch: National Outdoor Advertising Lunch and giving of awards, Europa Hotel

Concert: London Choral Society, Royal Festival Hall. 8.0 pm (see page 51)

Ballet: *Ballet Imperial* and *Song of the Earth* (Mahler/MacMillan), first performance by Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. 7.30 pm (see page 58)

Poetry: Poetry in a pub: music and poetry by the Barrow Poets, The Printer's Devil, 98 Fetter Lane

Dinner: Newspaper Press Fund annual dinner, ballroom, Grosvenor House. 7.30

Customs: Beating of the Bounds, 1966, Tower of London

Dinner: United Kingdom Railway Advisory Service (Ministry of Transport) dinner, Grosvenor House. 7.0 pm

Friday 20 May

Race meeting: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will attend a charity race meeting in aid of the National Playing Fields Association, Newbury

Ball: The Maidenhead Bachelors' Ball, Monkey Island Hotel, Bray-on-Thames, in aid of the NSPCC

Ball: The England Ball, organised by Council for the Preservation of Rural England, Grosvenor House

Concert: London Junior and Senior Orchestras, Royal Festival Hall. 8.0 pm

Opera: *Turandot* (in Italian), Covent Garden. 7.30 pm

Saturday 21 May

Racing: Monaco Grand Prix, Formula III

Rugby: Rugby League Cup Final, Wembley

Walk: Stock Exchange London-Brighton Walk

Concert: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Royal Festival Hall. 8.0 pm

Dance: Central High School dinner-dance, Europa Hotel

Greyhound racing: The Gold Collar, Catford

Cricket: Cambridge University v West Indies (and 23rd, 24th), Cambridge

Ball: University College Hospital Dental School Old Students' Association Annual May Ball, Grosvenor House. 7.0 pm

Sunday 22 May

Racing: Grand Prix of Monaco, Formula I

Racing: Brandsmaster Trophy Stock Car Races, AC Owners' Club Sprint, Brands Hatch

Concert: Folk, jazz, poetry: "People Like Us" in honour of Africa Freedom Day, Vanessa Redgrave, Annie Ross, Royal Festival Hall, 2.30 pm

Rally: Vintage and Veteran Car Rally, London to Southend-on-Sea

Monday 23 May

Visit: The Queen will visit the Royal Horticultural Society's Chelsea Show

Opera: *Tosca*, Covent Garden. 7.30 pm (see page 51)

Concert: Fine Arts Quartet, Royal Festival Hall. 8.0 pm

Exhibition: Dubuffet Exhibition, Tate Gallery (until 30th)

Tuesday 24 May

Festival: Chichester Festival Season (till 24th)

Racing: Epsom Summer Meeting

Concert: Polyphonia Symphony Orchestra, Royal Festival Hall. 8.0 pm

Dialogue: Lunchtime dialogue between Malcolm Muggeridge and the Rector, St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside

Dinner: The Twelve Club Annual Derby-Eve dinner-dance, Grosvenor House. 7.30 pm

Wednesday 25 May

Show: Chelsea Flower Show (till 27th)

Recital: Segovia, guitar recital, Royal Festival Hall. 8.0 pm

Fair: International Spring Fair, Caxton Hall. 10.30 am-7.30 pm

Racing: Flat Racing, The Derby, Epsom, Surrey

Anniversary: 900th Anniversary of the Battle of Hastings, 1066. Opening of exhibition (to October 31st), Mayor's Banquet and Fireworks Display, Hastings, Sussex

Theatre: Opening of *Tango*, Aldwych Theatre. 7.0 pm (see page 44)

Rowing: Oxford University Eights Week (to 28th), Oxford

Cricket: Middlesex v Leicestershire (to 27th) and Sussex (to 31st), Lord's

Exhibition: North-East Industries Building and Public Works Exhibition (to June 4th), Town Moor, Newcastle-upon-Tyne

THEATRE

More bowings before the altar of the Swinging City – this time at the London Palladium. The new show is called *London Laughs* – and if it does, well it doesn't take much. Both Harry Secombe and Thora Hird are dependent on their material; he in order to work on it, she to work within it. Both are badly served; it is embarrassing to see Secombe at the mercy of an unspeakable Guy Fawkes episode and sad to see the endearing Miss Hird recreating her television character with jokes and situations as broad as the stage on which they're played. Both reassert themselves in a saloon bar sing-song number.

In a show of this nature one cannot really expect a particularly sharp satirical edge, but even in this context Carnaby Street is worth more than a few ambisexual gags, and photographers and models worth less than what amounts to a hymn of praise – the most elegant number in the show though it is.

Two youngsters make decisive marks: Jimmy Tarbuck and Anita Harris. The point about Tarby is that he is not a groovy lad at all; he is, in fact, as square as Inigo Jones's cube room at Greenwich. Consequently his solo act – speedy jokes, good handling of the audience – is the spot at which London will probably laugh at most. It is refreshing to see a television face emerging into a good, live act.

Fenella Fielding and Hugh Paddick to star in "Let's Get A Divorce" at the Mermaid.

Anita Harris proves she is more than a pretty voice. *London Life* readers will already know she is a ravishing model. Here she reveals a great sense of timing, dancing and comedy. It's a bright, lively show, I suppose. It could have been better, and it will be better if someone persuades Messrs Secombe, Conway and Tarbuck, to lop five minutes from their solo turns.

For the fourth time in its career, Roger Milner's comedy *How's the World Treating You?* has transferred theatre. It is now at the Comedy in Panton Street and fits well into the pretty house with its tradition of comedy. It is a baffling play, of course, and suffered somewhat from catching on in a speciously smart way. "As far as I can see it's about a man who lost his trousers," said one indignant girl leaving at the second interval. It is, but it's also about a deal more. In any case the virtuoso performances of Patricia Routledge and Peter Bayliss are worth being mystified for.

| roger baker

Anita Harris flanked by members of the chorus in the new Palladium show "London Laughs" reviewed alongside.

WEST END

openings

Th 19 May: **THEIR VERY OWN AND GOLDEN CITY.** English Stage Company, Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). Author: Arnold Wesker. Dir: William Gaskill. Cast: Ann Firbank, George Fowe, Bernard Gallagher, Victor Henry, Ian McKellan, Gillian Martell, Sebastian Shaw, John Shepherd, William Stewart, Kate Williams. 7.0

W 25 May: **TANGO.** Royal Shakespeare Company, Aldwych Theatre, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 6404). Author: Slawomir Mrozek. Dir: Trevor Nunn. Cast: Patience Collier, Robert Eddison, Pauline Jameson, Peter Jeffery, Ursula McHan, Mike Pratt, Dudley Sutton. 7.0

current

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Authors: Felicity Douglas, Henry Cecil. Dir: Hugh Goldie. Stars: Andrew Laurence, Colin Gordon, Elvi Hale. High Court judge gets involved with the pretty wife of a man he has sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 4 Aug 1965. (Closed for holiday until 23 May)

THE ANNIVERSARY, Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). Author: Bill Macllwraith. Dir: Patrick Dromgoole. Cast: Michael Crawford, Sheila Hancock, Jack Hedley, June Ritchie, Mona Washbourne, James Cossins. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.45), 8.30 (ends 10.45). W: 3.0. Opened 20 Apr 1966

ARSENIC & OLD LACE, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Author: Joseph Kesselring. Dir: Murray Macdonald. Revival of a classic black comedy. Cast: Sybil Thorndike, Athene Seyler, Richard Briers, Desmond Walter-Ellis, Julia Lockwood, Lewis Casson. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.45 (ends 5.5). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 23 Feb 1966

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK, Piccadilly, opp Regent Palace Hotel, W1 (GER 4506). Author: Neil Simon. Dir: Richard Benjamin. Cast: Robin Hunter, Polly James, Ferdy Mayne, Joan Sterndale Bennet. Young-married troubles in Broadway-style comedy. M-F: 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.45 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 24 Nov 1965

BEYOND THE FRINGE 1965, May Fair, May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street, W1 (MAY 3036). Authors: Alan Bennett, Peter Cook. Jonathan Miller, Dudley Moore. Dir: David Phethean. Stars: John Dryden, Bill Hepper, Peter Honri, Peter Baldwin. The material has almost an historical interest now. 8.40 (ends 10.50). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 15 Apr 1964

BLACK & WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street. SW1 (VIC 1317). Dir: George Inns. Stars: George Mitchell Minstrels with Don Arrol, Neville King, Dai Francis, John Boulter, Tony Mercer. Songs and dances cease only for interludes of comedy. 6.15 (ends 8.20); 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 15 May 1962

BOEING-BOEING, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Author: Marc Camoletti (translated by Beverley Cross). Dir: Jack Minter. Stars: Nicholas Parsons, Simon Merrick. Three girls, two boys, seven doors . . . permutations endless. 8.0 (ends 10.10); W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Book by Hugh and Margaret Williams. Music and lyrics by David Heneker and John Taylor. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Cast: Anna Neagle, Joe Brown, Hy Hazel. The stately homes racket receives gentle satire with romantic interest, songs and dancing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

CHASE ME COMRADE, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, SW1 (WH 6692). Author: Ray Cooney. Dir Wallace Douglas. Stars: Brian Rix, Basil Lord, Leo Franklyn. Russian ballet dancer and diplomatic service involved in a speedy farce 7.30 (ends 9.45). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.30); 8.15 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 15 July 1964 Ends 21 May

COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUD and **SHADOWS OF THE EVENING,** Queen's, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author Noël Coward. Dir: Vivian Matalon Cast: Noël Coward, Lilli Palmer Irene Worth. T, F & Sat: 8.0 (end 10.30); Th: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 25 Apr 1966

A FRIEND INDEED, Cambridge Theatre, Earlham Street WC2 (TEM 6056). Author William Douglas-Home. Dir: Jack Minster. Cast: David Tomlinson David Hutcheson, Jane Baxter Elizabeth Sellars. 8.0 (ends 10.10) Th mat 2.45 (ends 5.0). Sat: 6. (ends 8.10); 8.30 (ends 10.40) Opened 27 Apr 1966

FUNNY GIRL, Prince of Wales Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681) Lyrics: Bob Merrill. Music: Jul Styne. From the book by Osobo Lennart. Dir: Lawrence Kasha Cast: Barbra Streisand, Michae Craig. 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat: 3. (ends 5.20). Opened 13 Apr 1966

HELLO DOLLY! Theatre Royal Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8108 Adapted by Michael Stuart fro Thornton Wilder's play Th Matchmaker. Music: Jerry Her man. Dir and choreographe Gower Champion. A grand illusio with Dora Bryan as chief spel binder, but nevertheless the mo efficient musical seen in a doze years. Cast: Dora Bryan, Bernar Spear. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 2 Dec 1965

HOW'S THE WORLD . . . TREATING YOU? Comedy, Panton Stree SW1 (WHI 2578). Author: Roger Milner. Dir: Philip Grout. Most "in" comedy of the season. Cast: Patricia Routledge, Peter Bayliss, Michael Graham Cox. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 Jan 1966

AN IDEAL HUSBAND, Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. Fin de siècle morality among the Wildest epigrams. Cast: Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd, Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Ursula Jeans, Roger Livesey, Perlita Nelson. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30)

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, St Martins, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1443). Author: Frank Marcus. Dir: Val May. Stars: Beryl Reid, Lally Bowers, Eileen Atkins. Lesbian radio actress loses her part and her

lover. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55); 8.30 (ends 11.0). W: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

LONDON LAUGHS, London Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). Choreographer: Douglas Squires. Dir: Robert Nesbit. Cast: Harry Secombe, Jimmy Tarbuck, Thora Hird and Freddie Frinton, Russ Conway, Anita Harris. 6.15, 8.45. Sat Mat: 2.40. Opened 6 May 1966

MAN & SUPERMAN, Garrick, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4601). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Philip Wiseman. Battle of the Sexes. Cast: Alan Badel, Sian Phillips, June Thorburn, John Robinson, Marie Löhr, Terence Rigby. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Th & Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.45). Opened 23 Nov 1965

THE MATCHGIRLS, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Author: Bill Owen. Dir: Gillian Lynne. Music by: Tony Russell. The first women's strike. Cast: Vivienne Martin, Marion Grimaldi, Gerald Hely. 8.0 (ends 10.15). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 1 Mar 1966

THE MISER & THE IMAGINARY INVALID, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Author: Molière. Dir: Julius Gellner. Cast: The Miser, Duncan Macrae. The Imaginary Invalid, Bernard Miles. 6.0 (ends 8.20); 8.40 (ends 11.0) (not Mon). Opened 20 Apr 1966. Ends 28 May

A MORAL EVENING, Cochrane Theatre, Holborn, WC1 (CHA 7040). Gaiety of Nations. Author: Alan Seymour. Allergy. Author: Cecil Taylor. Dir: Michael Geliot. Cast: Gordon Whiting, Roy Hanlon, Kate Binchy, Nikki Arrighi. 7.45 (ends 9.30). Ends 21 May. Th 19, F 20 & Sat 21: HAMLET. Modern dress, free adaptation by Charles Marowitz. Cast: Tony Ainley. Late-night Show: 10.15 (ends 11.45)

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassadors, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1171). Author: Agatha Christie. After 13 years still a mystery. Dir: D Ramsden. Cast: John Cobner, Diana Scougall. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.0 (ends 10.30). Opened 25 Nov 1952

OLIVER! New Theatre, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Composer: Lionel Bart. Dir: Peter Coe. Stars: Aubrey Woods, Nicolette Roeg, Peter Bartlett. Dickens's London brought to musical life. 7.45 (ends 10.15). T & Sat: 4.30 (ends 6.50). Opened 30 June 1960

ON THE LEVEL, Saville, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (TEM 4011). Author: Ronald Millar. Music by Ron Grainger. Dir: Wendy Toye. Cast: Barrie Ingham, Angela Richards, Gary Bond. 7.45 (ends 10.20). Wed and Sat mat: 2.45 (ends 5.20). Opened T 19 Apr 1966

ON THE WAGON, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Dir: Julius Gellner. Cast: Bernard Miles. Mon only: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.40 (ends 11.0). Opened 6 Jan 1966

THE OWL & THE PUSSY CAT, Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (WHI 3216). Author: Bill Manhoff. Dir: Shirley Butler. Pretty girl versus intellectual man. Cast: Diana Sands, Anton Rodgers. 8.15 (ends 11.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Th. 3.0 (ends 5.15). Opened 2 Mar 1966

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE, Wyndham's Theatre, Charing Cross Road (TEM 3028). Adapted from the novel by Muriel Spark by Joy Presson Allen. Dir: Peter Wood. Cast: Vanessa Redgrave, Andrew Crawford, William Squire, Dorothy Reynolds. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W Mat: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Sat: 5.45 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 10.45)

ROBERT & ELIZABETH, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Composer: Ron Grainer. Book: Ronald Millar. Dir: Wendy Toye. Stars: Donald Wolfit, Jane Fyffe, Kevin Colson. The Barretts of Wimpole Street get the song and dance treatment. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

SAY WHO YOU ARE, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Authors: Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall. Dir: Shirley Butler. Stars: Ian Carmichael, Patrick Cargill, Dilys Laye, Jan Holden. Sophisticated farce. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.25). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.20); 8.45 (ends 11.5). Opened 14 Oct 1965

SONG AT TWILIGHT, Queens, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir: Vivian Matalon. Cast: Noël Coward, Lilli Palmer, Irene Worth. M, W & Th: 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat Mat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 14 Apr 1966

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). Composers: Rodgers and Hammerstein. Book: Lindsay and Crouse. Dir: Jerome Whyte. Stars: Sonia Rees, Eunice Gayson, Donald Scott. Nazi invasion in the background; sweetness to the fore. 7.30 (ends 10.25). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 18 May 1961

SPRING & PORT WINE, Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue (GER 2663). Author: Bill Naughton. Dir: Allan Davis. Cast: Alfred Marks, Ruth Dunning. A heavy Lancastrian father has a rebellious family on his hands. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

YOU NEVER CAN TELL, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Author: G B Shaw. The new woman and old-fashioned values Dir: Glen Byam Shaw. Cast: Sir Ralph Richardson, Jack Gwillim, Judy Campbell, Keith Baxter, Moray Watson, Cyril Luckham. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.45); 8.15 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 12 Jan 1966

PERIMETER

ASHCROFT THEATRE, Fairfield Halls, Park Lane, Croydon (CRO 9291). IOLANTHE. Th 19 & F 20 May: 7.30. Sat 21 May: 3.0, 7.30. RUNNING RIOT. M 23-W 25 May: 7.30

GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME, NW11 (SPE 0022). COME SPY WITH ME with Danny La Rue, Barbara Windsor, Gary Miller, Richard Wattis. F 20 May: 8.0. Th 19 & Sat 21 May: 2.30, 8.0. GIGI. M 23-W 25 May: 8.0

NEW THEATRE, Bromley (RAV 6677). THE LAST OF MRS CHEYNEY. Th 19 May: 2.30, 7.45. F 20 May: 7.45. Sat 21 May: 5.15, 8.0. EARLY ONE MORNING with Jill Browne, Trevor Bannister. M 23-W 25 May: 7.45

RICHMOND THEATRE, The Green, Richmond, Surrey (RIC 0088). THE SPIES, with Bernard Bresslaw, Peter Wyngarde. 7.45. Sat: 5.30, 8.15

WIMBLEDON THEATRE, SW19 (WIM 5211). THE SACRED FLAME with Gladys Cooper, Naunton Wayne, Wendy Hiller, Mary Peach. Th 19 May: 2.30, 7.30. F 20 May: 7.30. Sat 21 May: 5.0, 8.15. THE HOLLOW. M 23-W 25 May: 7.30

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Millbrook, Guildford, Surrey (OGU3 60191). THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA with Max Adrian, Eleanor Bron, Griffith Jones, George Merritt, John Woodvine. Th 19 May: 2.30, 7.45. F 20 May: 7.45. Sat 21 May: 5.0, 8.0

BANG BANG, BEIRUT with Dickie Henderson, Leo Franklyn. T 24 & W 25 May: 7.45

REPERTORY

ALDWYCH THEATRE, The Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 6404). Th 19-Sat 21 May: THE IDIOT. Author: Feodor Dostoievsky. Dir: Georgi Tovstonogov. Cast: Leningrad Gorki Theatre
W 25 May: See West End Openings

ENGLISH STAGE COMPANY, Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). Th 19 May: See West End Openings
F 20-W 25 May: THEIR VERY OWN AND GOLDEN CITY. 7.30. Sat Mat: 3.0

NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7616). Th 19 May: LOVE FOR LOVE. Author: William Congreve. Dir: Peter Wood. Cast: Colin Blakely, Tom Kempinski, Robert Lang, Geraldine McEwan, Miles Malleson, Anthony Nicholls, Laurence Olivier, Lynn Redgrave, Joyce Redman, Madge Ryan, John Stride. 2.15 (ends 5.0), 7.30 (ends 10.15)

F 20 May: TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS. Author: Arthur W. Pinero. Dir: Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Wynne Clark, Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Barbara Hicks, Derek Jacobi, Louise Purnell, Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens. 7.30 (ends 10.15)
Sat 21 May: OTHELLO. Author: William Shakespeare. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Frank Finlay, Robert Lang, Kenneth Mackintosh, Anthony Nicholls, Laurence Olivier, Joyce Redman, Sheila Reid. Maggie Smith, John Stride. 2.15 (ends 5.25)
Sat 21 & W 25 May: THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN. Author: Peter Shaffer. Dir: John Dexter, Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Colin Blakely, Peter Cellier, Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Derek Jacobi, Kenneth Mackintosh, Robert Stephens. 7.30 (ends 10.30)
T 24 May: JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK. Author: Sean O'Casey. Dir: Laurence Olivier. Cast: Colin Blakely, Peter Cellier, Frank Finlay, Mike Gambon, Caroline John, Ronald Pickup, Joyce Redman, Madge Ryan. 7.30 (ends 10.15)

CLUBS

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE CLUB, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). HAPPY FAMILY with Anthony Bate, Wendy Craig, Ronald Lewis, Moira Redmond. 8.0. Sat: 5.0, 8.15

LITTLE ANGEL, 14 Dagmar Passage, Cross Street, N1 (CAN 1787). THE CANTERVILLE GHOST. Sat: 3.0, 5.0. Sun: 3.0. Special matinée for the very young. THE MAGIC POT & VARIETY. Sat: 11.0. Admission: Adults 5s 6d, children 4s

NEW ARTS THEATRE, Great Newport Street, Leicester Square, WC2 (TEM 3334). THE THREE MUSKETEERS with Professor Bruce Lacey, The Alberts. 8.0. Sat: 5.0, 8.30

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FILMS

FIRST FIVE: 1 Pierrot le Fou. 2 Modesty Blaise. 3 Viva Maria! 4 Morgan. 5 Fists in the Pocket.

In an embarrassed confusion to explain away a strange, haunting film – to tie it in neatly with an established way of thinking – *Cul de Sac* (X) has come to be called a black comedy. True, it is concerned with the death of the body and the spirit and contrives to be painfully funny, but in no other way is the label justified. The director, Roman Polanski, after the compelling imbalance of *Repulsion*, regains the clarity of vision that first brought him to the notice of British audiences with *Knife in the Water*. His statement and his style are anarchic, uncompromising and unique.

An ageing failure (Donald Pleasence), impotent to the demands of his young bride Françoise Dorléac), has cloistered himself away in the exile of a remote island. His privacy is violated by the organised violence of two ambiguous fugitives (criminals? lunatics?) and the disorganised violence of an uninvited houseparty armed with reminders of the realities he has tried to shut out. Unable to cope with either, he is lost to the real world, his fantasy world, and perhaps to sanity – perched on a lonely rock crying for his first wife.

Delphine Seyrig and Vivien Merchant to star in Joseph Losey's new film "Accident."

It is Polanski's dexterous control of the whole film: script; fluid photography; the one brooding location; the punctuation of light and shade, sound and silence, that makes it work so well. Pleasence and Dorléac, movingly and grotesquely matched, are first-rate and, in one perfectly rounded performance as the menacing intruder who starts the snowball, Lionel Standing avenges years of neglect in facile character parts. The film opens at the Cameo-Poly, Regent Street on 26 May.

● A long-running stage play is suffixed by a seemingly longer-running film in *Boeing-Boeing* (A), which goes into the London Pavilion on 26 May. Tony Curtis is unhappily cast as the Casanova of the jet age with a fiancée on every airline and who schemes his affairs with a timetable in one hand and a stop watch in the other. The hostesses are played by Dany Saval (Air France), Suzanna Leigh (British United) and Christiane Schmidtmer (Lufthansa) with equal indifference and it is only the pace and volume of Curtis's playing and the yeoman service of Thelma Ritter as the maid-of-all-work that provoke the infrequent smile.

david castell

THE WRONG BOX

Peter Cook and Peter Sellers are just two of a host of British comedy actors who appear in Bryan Forbes's production of "The Wrong Box" which opens at the Leicester Square Theatre on 26 May. Other stars in the film are John Mills, Ralph Richardson, Michael Caine, Tony Hancock, Forbes's actress wife Nanette Newman, and Dudley Moore, Cook's partner from the successful "Not Only . . . But Also" television series. It is the duo's first film appearance together. "The Wrong Box" is a bizarre Victorian black comedy based on the novel by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne about the fight over an amassed fortune for the last surviving member of a murderous family. The screenplay has been written by Larry Gelbart and Burt Shevelove. A general release is planned for July.

WEST END

ALFIE (X). Taken from the play by Bill Naughton, and directed by Lewis Gilbert; Michael Caine plays the incredible Alfie, devoutly dedicated to a love-life that is both intensive and uncommitted, and often funny. His birds flit in and out at lightning speed – Eleanor Bron as his doctor, Shirley Anne Field as his nurse, and an overpowering rich widow (Shelley Winters). (Millicent Martin, Julia Foster, Jane Asher, Vivien Merchant. Col. 114 min.) *Plaza Piccadilly Circus.* WHI 8944. 1.0, 3.20, 5.50, 8.20 (Sat only: 11.30 pm). Sun: 3.0, 5.30, 8.0

ALPHAVILLE (A). Jean-Luc Godard's transformation of images from a comic strip into a stylistic masterpiece with dazzling photography by Coutard. Lemmy Caution (Eddie Constantine), disguised as a reporter for *Figaro-Pravda*, is sent on a mission to Alphaville – city of technocrats. (Anna Karina, Akim Tamiroff. Col. 98 min.) With: *The New Angels* (X). *Paris Pullman, Drayton Gardens.* FRE 5898

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. An account of the Battle of the Ardennes with Henry Fonda and Robert Ryan for the American heroes and Robert Shaw as a suitably poker-faced German villain. (Dana Andrews. Dir: Ken Annakin. Col. 163 min.) *Casino Old Compton Street*, W1. GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 11.55. Sun: 4.30, 7.50

BING CROSBY IN CINERAMA'S RUSSIAN ADVENTURE (U). Bing Crosby plays host on a trip round Russia with musical interludes. (Col. Cinerama.) *Coliseum St Martin's Lane.* TEM 3161. 2.0, 5.15, 8.30 (Sat only: 11.45 pm). Sun: 4.0, 7.30

A BLONDE IN LOVE (X). From the point of view of an inarticulate young girl, the Czech director, Milos Forman, with his characteristic gentle humour, examines the lack of communication between the generations, and the adolescent's search for identity in the adult world. His highly personal approach to film-making, using amateur actors, gives the film a delightful freshness. (Czech dialogue – sub-titles. 80 min.) *Academy One, Oxford Street.* GER 2981. With: *Joseph Killian* (U). Pgm: 1.35, 3.55, 6.20, 8.50. Sun: 3.30, 5.55, 8.25

BORN FREE (U). Tasteful and relatively faithful adaptation of Joy Adamson's runaway best-seller. Virginia McKenna makes a long-promised comeback as the woman who raises a lioness from a helpless cub and trains it to the point where its own domesticity is a danger to survival. (Bill Travers, Geoffrey Keen. Dir: James Hill. Col. 99 min. Royal Film of 1966.) *Columbia Shaftesbury Avenue* REG 5414. 12.25, 2.29, 4.38, 6.47, 9.1. Sat: 11.29 pm. Sun: 3.59, 6.8, 8.27

DARLING . . . (X). The director, John Schlesinger, attempts to lay bare the decadence of contemporary life, and succeeds only in misplaced, rather aimless bitterness. Julie Christie is lamentably miscast as the young model who ends up marrying the Italian Prince. Dirk Bogarde gives a splendid performance as the television reporter with whom she has an affair. (Laurence Harvey. 127 min.) *Windmill, Great Windmill Street.* GER 7413. (Check with cinema)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (A). The extremely ambitious, long-awaited production of Boris Pasternak's novel, directed by David Lean, with screenplay by Robert Bolt. With Omar Sharif as Yuri Zhivago and Julie Christie as Lara. Good entertainment. (Geraldine Chaplin, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness. Col. 193 min.) *Empire Leicester Square.* GER 1234. 2.30, 7.30 (Sat only: 11.30 pm). Sun: 3.0, 7.30

FANTASIA (U). Another revival of Walt Disney's ever-popular cartoon experiment, made in 1941, and consisting of a visual interpretation of various well-known pieces of music, ranging from a Bach Fugue to Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring.* Parts of the film show Disney at his most inventive, and the hippopotami in *The Dance of the Hours* steal the show. (Leopold Stokowski & the Philadelphia Orchestra. Dir: Walt Disney. Col. 126 min.) *Studio One, Oxford Street,* GER 3300. 1.0, 3.40, 6.20, 9.0. Sun: 3.20, 6.5, 8.45

FISTS IN THE POCKET (X). The first film of an extraordinary new talent, Marco Bellocchio. It examines the assertive strivings of a young adolescent, Sandro (Lou Castle), for manhood and independence, against the background of his decaying bourgeois family, doomed to epilepsy. The mounting, uncontrollable anguish and destruction is brilliantly conceived and executed. (Paola Pitagora. 115 min.) *Academy Two, Oxford Street.* GER 5129. With: *Wholly Communion* (A). Pgm: 12.30, 3.5, 5.45, 8.30. Sun: 5.15, 8.0

THE GREAT RACE (U). Extravagantly slapstick comedy involving a car race from New York to Paris, via Siberia, with Jack Lemmon as the villain and Tony Curtis as the spoof hero. Blake Edwards's feeblest screenplay, but with a good sense of the period. While determined to be a lot of fun, it merely proves conclusively that Cinerama and comedy don't mix. (Col. 153 min.) *Astoria Charing Cross Road.* GER 5385. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.0, 8.0

IT HAPPENED HERE (A). A semi-documentary, visualising the Nazi occupation of Britain, seen through the eyes of a young woman (Pauline Murray), who finds herself working for the Nazi authorities as a nurse. Made on an extremely limited budget, and taking eight years to complete, the two young independent directors, Kevin Brownlow and Andrew Mollo, have nevertheless succeeded in achieving a thoroughly authentic reconstruction of the period. (Sebastian Shaw. 95 min.) *London Pavilion, Piccadilly Circus.* GER 2982. 12.20, 3.20, 6.10, 9.5. Sun: 3.20, 6.10, 9.5. With: *Night Beyond Pity* (A). 11.30, 2.15, 5.5, 8.0. Sun: 2.15 5.5, 8.0

A MAN COULD GET KILLED (U). James Garner arrives in Lisbon, to find himself mistaken for a secret agent. With his usual engaging bewilderment, he is drawn into a web of intrigue, moving from one crazy situation to another, and one moment attempting to prove his innocence, the next aided and abetted by the wiles of Melina Mercouri into smuggling. Directed by Cliff Owen, and based on David Esdaile Walker's *Diamonds for Danger.* (Col. 97 min.) *Leicester Square Theatre.* WHI 5252. 1.45, 4.10, 6.35, 9.0. Sun: 4.10, 6.35, 9.0. (Ends 25 May)

MODESTY BLAISE (A). Joseph Losey's first excursion into strip cartoon cinema, elegantly mounted and directed with great flair. Monica Vitti is a surprisingly animated Modesty and Dirk Bogarde superb as the arch-villain. (Terence Stamp. Col. 120 min.) *Odeon Leicester Square.* WHI 6111. 12.25, 3.30, 6.10, 8.45. Sun: 3.20, 5.35, 8.15; and from 22 May: *New Victoria.* VIC 2544, *Odeon Kensington.* WES 0131

MONSIEUR HULOT'S HOLIDAY (U). Jacques Tati's now classic comedy about the misadventures of a gauche French bachelor on holiday. The comedy of mime and manners puts Tati in the forefront of contemporary film comedians. (Nathali Pascaud. Dir: Jacques Tati. France. 1951/52. 90 min.) *Prince Charles Theatre, Leicester Place,* W1. GER 8181. 12.55, 3.40, 6.30, 9.30 (Sat only: 12.15 am). Sun: 3.30, 6.20, 9.10. (Ends 8 June)

MORGAN – A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT (A). Morgan Delt (David Warner), a gentle confused dreamer, a failed artist, abandoned by his wife, has a strange affinity with gorillas, and escapes from reality with fantasies of Tarzan and King Kong. Directed by Karel Reisz, with a whole host of cinematic stunts, from the story and television play by David Mercer, with Vanessa Redgrave, Irene Handl and Bernard Bresslaw. (97 min.) *Berkeley, Tottenham Court Road.* MUS 8150

MY FAIR LADY (U). Lavish, if not cloying, direction of the Lerner and Loewe musical by George Cukor with Edwardian décor by Cecil Beaton. Rex Harrison carries the film along with commanding style, with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited, though rather inadequate, Eliza. Great vitality, but played a little too safe. (Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde White. Col. Super-Panavision. 185 min.) *Warner Leicester Square,* W1. GER 3423. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.30, 7.45, 11.45. Sun: 3.0, 7.15. *Royalty Kingsway,* WC2. HOL 8004. 2.45, 8.0. Sun: 3.15, 7.30

OTHELLO (U). Faithful and technically accomplished record of the National Theatre production with Laurence Olivier giving a performance that salutes greatness as the Moor. It is the magnificence of the performances that finally quells the doubts about the theatrical claustrophobia of the film. (Maggie Smith, Frank Finlay and other members of the National Theatre of Great Britain. Col. 170 min.) *Odeon Haymarket.* WHI 2738. 2.30, 7.30. Sat: 12.30. 4.5. 7.45. Sun: 4.30 8.0

OUR MAN FLINT (A). Director Daniel Mann endeavours to outspoof Bond in what becomes a tiresome use of gimmickry, with quite serious undercurrents of nastiness. James Coburn is less endearing than Connery as secret agent Flint. (Lee J Cobb. Col. 108 min.) *Rialto Coventry Street.* GER 3488. 1.20, 3.50, 6.20, 8.50. Sun: 3.40, 6.15, 8.50. (Check with cinema)

A PATCH OF BLUE (A). Under the entirely mistaken impression that something significant is being said about race relations, the film is a maudlin account of romance between a poor, ignorant, blind girl (Elizabeth Hartman) and a young Negro, played inevitably by Sidney Poitier. Shelley Winters plays the girl's sleazy mother in high style, and Guy Green directs. (105 min.) *Ritz Leicester Square.* GER 1234, and from 22 May: *Edgware Road ABC.* PAD 5901, and *Fulham Road ABC.* FRO 2636

PIERROT LE FOU (X). Jean-Luc Godard's first excursion into colour, with the story based on the novel *Obsession* by Lionel White. Pierrot (Jean-Paul Belmondo) runs away from his wife, and meets his former love, Marianne (Anna Karina). The lyricism of their love affair on the Riviera is juxtaposed with the violence and betrayal of the world around them. (Col. 100 min.) *Cameo-Poly, Upper Regent Street.* LAN 1744. Pgm: 12.45, 3.10, 5.40, 8.10. Sun: 3.35, 5.55, 8.20. (Check with cinema)

SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Robert Wise's three-hour version of the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical, with hosts of singing nuns and children. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood; Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. (Peggy Wood, Eleanor Parker. Col. Tod-AO. 170 min.) *Dominion Tottenham Court Road,* W1. MUS 2176. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

STAGECOACH (A). Affectionate re-make of the classic Western with Alex Cord and Ann-Margaret in the roles played by John Wayne and Claire Trevor. Action-filled, pleasantly sentimental and with a scene-stealing performance from Bing Crosby. (Van Heflin, Michael Connors. Dir: Gordon Douglas. Col. 114 min.) *Carlton Haymarket.* WHI 3711. 1.25, 3.50, 6.15, 8.45 (Sat only: 11.15 pm). Sun: 3.50, 6.15, 8.45

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (U). A slender pretext for collecting together a whole host of international stars for an air race between London and Paris. There are some pleasant enough shots of early aeroplanes, but little or no feeling for comic effect. (Terry-Thomas, Sarah Miles, Robert Morley, Gert Frobe, Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Jean-Pierre Cassel. Col. Todd-AO. 130 min.) *Metropole Victoria.* VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

VIVA MARIA (A). Louis Malle, the director, has seized the opportunity to show off the entirely disparate talents of Mesdames Jeanne Moreau (Maria I) and Brigitte Bardot (Maria II), in a gay and amusing story about two song-and-dance girls who become embroiled in a revolution. (George Hamilton. Col. 120 min.) *Curzon Cinema, Curzon Street,* W1. GRO 3737. 1.45, 4.5, 6.25, 8.50 (Sat only: 11 pm). Sun: 3.45, 6.10, 8.30

THE WAR GAME (X). Peter Watkin's hotly debated film about the effects of nuclear warfare on the population of London proves gripping, intelligent, though not without the occasional moment of bathos. Understandably, its television origins leave it slightly unsuited to the larger screen. (50 min.) *Gala Royal Marble Arch,* AMB 2345, and *La Continentale Tottenham Court Road,* MUS 4193. 1.0, 1.50, 4.0, 6.15, 8.25. Sun: 4.0, 6.15, 8.25, and full supporting programme

WOMAN IN WHITE (X). Well-meaning hospital histrionics in which a dedicated gynaecologist sympathetically played by Marie-Jose Nat is brought face to face with the problems of contraception in the fight to save the life of a young girl dying from the aftermath of an abortion. The final irony occurs when she finds that she herself is pregnant. Direction by Claude Autant-Lara is deft and superficial. (110 min.) With: *Island of Shame* (X). *Cameo-Royal,* Charing Cross Road. WHI 6915

GENERAL RELEASE

† *Second feature varies:* * *Sunday programme differs*

RANK RELEASE NORTH

Until Sat: STAGECOACH(A). Full supporting programme.

Melina Mercouri is the woman who proves that "A Man Could Get Killed."

From Sun: A MAN COULD GET KILLED (U). James Garner arrives in Lisbon to find himself mistaken for a secret agent. With his usual engaging bewilderment, he is drawn into a web of intrigue, moving from one crazy situation to another, and one moment attempting to prove his innocence, the next, aided and abetted by the wiles of Melina Mercouri into smuggling. Directed by Cliff Owen and based on David Esdaile Walker's Diamonds for Danger. (Col. 97 min). With: **Gunpoint** (U).

Acton Odeon
Camden Town Odeon
Dalston Odeon
Ealing Odeon
East Ham Odeon
Edmonton Regal (Not Th 19 May).
Finchley Gaumont (Until Sat: Morgan (A). Not Th 19 May).
Hackney Pavilion
Hammersmith Odeon
Harlesden Odeon
Haverstock Hill Odeon (Until Sat: Morgan (A).
Hendon Odeon (Until Sat: The Greatest Story Ever Told (U).
Holloway Odeon
Islington Odeon
*__Kensal Rise__ Odeon
Kilburn State
Kingsbury Odeon
King's Cross Odeon
Leyton Odeon
Mile End Road Odeon
Shepherd's Bush Odeon
Tottenham Palace
Walthamstow Granada
Wembley Odeon
Westbourne Grove Odeon
Wood Green Odeon

RANK RELEASE NORTH

Until Sat: STAGECOACH(A). Full supporting programme.

Honor Blackman as the femme fatale in "Moment to Moment."

From Sun: MOMENT TO MOMENT (A). The South of France, music by Mancini and clothes by Yves St Laurent, together with a rather incredible mixture of amnesia with adultery. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, fails to inject any suspense into the proceedings, but succeeds with the soap-opera. Jean Seberg is extremely weak as the wife, but Honor Blackman gives a fine performance as the heroine's divorcee neighbour. Gregoire Aslan is again the harassed Police Inspector. (Sean Garrison. Col. 108 min). With: **The Ghost and Mr Chicken** (U).

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†**Chelsea** Odeon
Ealing Walpole
Edgware Road Odeon
Finsbury Park Astoria (Until Sat: Different horror programme each day).
Forest Gate Odeon
Hendon Gaumont
Highgate Odeon
*__Kilburn Grange__ (Until Sat: Different horror programme each day).
Muswell Hill Odeon
†**Notting Hill** Gaumont (Until Sat: What a Way to Go (A). Full supporting programme).
Palmers Green Queens Hall (Until Sat: Darling . . (X).
Park Royal Odeon
Southgate Odeon
Stamford Hill Odeon (Until Sat: The Greatest Story Ever Told (U).
†**Swiss Cottage** Odeon (Not Tues 24 May: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra).
†**Temple Fortune** Odeon
Walham Green ABC

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

Until Sat: RIDE BEYOND VENGEANCE (X). Full supporting programme.

Ann-Margret plays the good-time girl in the remake of "Stagecoach."

From Sun: STAGECOACH (A). Affectionate re-make of the classic Western with Alex Cord and Ann-Margret in the roles played by John Wayne and Claire Trevor. Action-filled, pleasantly sentimental and with a scene-stealing performance by Bing Crosby as the inebriated doctor. (Bob Cummings, Van Heflin. Dir: Gordon Douglas. Col. 114 min). With: **The Murder Game** (A).

Balham Odeon
Brentwood Odeon (Not Th 19 May: Aida (U).
Brixton Astoria
Bromley Odeon (Not W 25 May).
Camberwell Odeon
Clapham Junction Imperial
Croydon Odeon
*__Deptford__ Odeon
East Dulwich Odeon
Greenwich Granada (Not F 20 or W 25 May).
Lewisham Odeon (Not Th 19 May: Don Giovanni (U).
Morden Odeon (Until Sat: Cat Ballou (A).
Old Kent Road Astoria
Peckham Odeon (Until Sat: Alfie (X).
Penge Odeon
Putney Odeon
Richmond Odeon (Not W 25 May: Richard III (U).
South Norwood Odeon
Streatham Odeon (Until Sat: Cat Ballou (A).
Sydenham Granada
Tooting Granada
Wandsworth Road Granada (Not M 23 or W 25 May: Bingo. Until Sat: Alfie (X).
Well Hall Odeon
Wimbledon Odeon

ABC RELEASE NORTH

Until Sat: MORGAN – A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT (A). Full programme.

Terry-Thomas plays an Anglicised sheikh in "Our Man in Marrakesh."

From Sun: OUR MAN IN MARRAKESH (U). An assorted group of travellers run into danger and suspense with Tony Randall and Senta Berger leading the fun. Terry-Thomas guest stars as a Sheikh with an impeccable Oxford accent. The first English-language feature film to be made entirely on location in Morocco. A feeble attempt to ape the light-fingered lunacy of *Masquerade*, shot in colour that proves eye-straining. (Herbert Lom. Dir: Don Sharp.) With: **Invasion** (U).

Acton Granada (Not Th 19 May: The Royal Ballet (U).
Bowes Park Ritz
Clapton ABC
Ealing ABC
Essex Road ABC
Golders Green ABC
Hackney ABC
Hammersmith ABC
*__Harlesden__ Coliseum (Until Sat: Thunderball (A) and full supporting programme).
Harringay ABC
Holloway ABC
Kensal Rise Palace
Kentish Town ABC
Kilburn Essoldo
*__King's Cross__ Century
Leyton ABC
Manor Park Coronation
Mile End Road ABC
Muswell Hill ABC
Neasden Ritz
Shepherd's Bush Essoldo
Stratford ABC
Stoke Newington ABC
Tottenham Florida
Upton Park ABC
Wembley ABC
Whalebone Lane Odeon

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

Until Sat: ALFIE (X). Full supporting programme.

David Warner gives a gorilla impersonation in Karel Reisz's "Morgan."

From Sun: MORGAN – A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT (A). Morgan Delt (David Warner), a gentle, confused dreamer, a failed artist, abandoned by his wife, has a strange affinity with gorillas, and escapes from reality with fantasies of Tarzan and King Kong. These dream sequences are the most enjoyable in a film which gets too clever for its own good before the end. But Warner, at his best here in a sequence where he pounds away at a piano in positively anthropoid style, surely has greater triumphs ahead. For older cinemagoers, there's the attraction of promised nostalgia from the Fay Wray and Johnny Weissmuller footage. Directed by Karel Reisz, with a whole host of cinematic stunts, from the story and television play by David Mercer, with Vanessa Redgrave, Irene Handl, Bernard Bresslaw and Arthur Mullard. (97 min). With: **The Spy Killers** (A).

Beckenham ABC
Blackheath ABC
Brixton ABC
Camberwell ABC
Catford ABC
†**Clapham** Granada
Croydon ABC
Crystal Palace Granada
Elephant and Castle Theatre
Forest Hill Capitol
Old Kent Road ABC
Putney ABC
Richmond ABC
Streatham ABC
Tooting ABC
Wimbledon ABC

OTHER FILMS

A guide to local cinemas showing off-circuit programmes. The numbers cross-refer to films listed in the sections below. Readers should not be disturbed by a jump in the sequence of numbers. This only indicates a late programme change

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

Brixton Classic. 56, 78.
Baker Street Classic. 24, 48, 63.
***Brixton Granada.** 50, 68, 69.
***Camberwell Grand.** 61, 81.
Chelsea Classic. 42, 76.
Chelsea Essoldo. 12, 31.
Clapton Kenninghall. 62.
Croydon Classic. 46, 85.
Dalston Classic. 47, 88.
Finchley Rex. 49, 69, 70.
Golders Green Ionic. 33, 43.
Great Windmill Street Cameo Moulin. 22.
Hackney Essoldo. 51, 60.
***Hammersmith Broadway.** 4, 67.
Hampstead Classic. 29.
Hampstead Everyman. 26, 44.
***Harringay Curzon.** 31, 84.
***Harrow Road Prince of Wales.** 55, 74.
Hendon Gala. 23. 39.
Highams Park Regal. 25, 34.
***Islington Rex.** 10, 21.
Kilburn Classic. 5, 11, 45.
Lewisham Rex. 6, 14.
Leytonstone Rialto. 19, 38, 82.
Notting Hill Classic. 36, 37, 41.
Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. 3, 83.
Oxford Street Cinephone. 35.
Piccadilly Jacey. 35.
Piccadilly Circus Classic. 13, 17.
Poplar Essoldo. 52, 58, 59 92. (Closed Sun).
Praed Street Classic. 77, 86.
Putney Globe. 30, 32.
Queensbury Essoldo. 53, 87.
Raynes Park Rialto. 20, 73.
Richmond Gaumont. 73, 80.
St Pancras Tolmer. 90.
Southfields Plaza. 9, 40.
Stepney Essoldo. 1, 40.
Stepney Odeon. 54, 72.
Stockwell Classic. 8, 80, 91.
Stoke Newington Coliseum. 65, 66, 86.
Thornton Heath Granada. 71, 89.
Tooting Astoria. 57, 75.
Tooting Bec Classic. 16, 18, 27.
Victoria Biograph. 2, 79.
Victoria Cameo. 7, 70.
Waterloo Station Classic. 15, 64.
Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. 28, 39.

ADVENTURE

1 **Bengal Rifles** (U). Rock Hudson, Arlene Dahl. Until Sat: Stepney Essoldo. With: Yellow Mountain (U)
Fire and Sword (A). Jeanne Crain, John Drew Barrymore. From Mon: Victoria Biograph. With: Ride and Kill (U)
3 **Giant of the Lost Tomb** (U). Kirk Morris, Massimo Serato. From Mon: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. With: Isles of the Dead (U)
4 **Seven Slaves Against Rome** (U). Roger Browne, Scilla Gabel. From Mon: Hammersmith Broadway. With: Doomsday at Eleven (U)
5 **Viva Zapata** (A). Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn. Until Sat: Kilburn Classic. With: The General (U)

COMEDIES

6 **Alfie** (X). Michael Caine, Shelley Winters, Millicent Martin, Vivien Merchant. Until Sat: Lewisham Rex. With: Face of a Stranger (A)
7 **Bedtime Story** (A). Marlon Brando, Shirley Jones, David Niven. From Sun: Victoria Cameo
8 **Carry On Cabby** (U). Sidney James, Kenneth Connor. Until Sat: Stockwell Classic. With: Sitting Bull (U)
9 **Carry On Cowboy** (A). Sidney James, Jim Dale, Charles Hawtrey. From Mon: Southfields Plaza. With: Change Partners (A)
10 **Disorderly Orderly** (U). Jerry Lewis. Until Sat: Islington Rex. With: Crack in the World (U)
11 **The General** (U). Buster Keaton. Until Sat: Kilburn Classic. With: Viva Zapata (A)
12 **Great St Trinian's Train Robbery** (U). Frankie Howerd, Dora Bryan. Until Sat: Chelsea Essoldo. With: San Ferry Ann (U)
13 **The Importance of Being Earnest** (U). Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Michael Denison. From Sun: Piccadilly Circus Classic
14 **The Knack** (X). Michael Crawford, Rita Tushingham. From Sun: Lewisham Rex. With: Irma La Douce (X)
15 **Old Mother Riley Detective** (U). Lucan & McShane. From Sun: Waterloo Station Classic
16 **The Pink Panther** (A). Peter Sellers, David Niven. Until Sat: Tooting Bec Classic. With: A Shot in the Dark (A)
17 **Room Service** (U). The Marx Brothers. Until Sat: Piccadilly Circus Classic
18 **A Shot in the Dark** (A). Peter Sellers, Elke Sommer. Until Sat: Tooting Bec Classic. With: The Pink Panther (A)
19 **Two Way Stretch** (U). Peter Sellers, Liz Fraser, Wilfred Hyde White. Until Sat: Leytonstone Rialto. With: Cat Ballou (A)
20 **The Ugly Dachshund** (U). Until Sat: Raynes Park Rialto. With full supporting programme

DOCUMENTARY

21 **London In the Raw** (X). From Mon: Islington Rex. With: Yellow Teddybears (X)
22 **The Naked World of Harrison Marks** (A). Great Windmill Street Cameo Moulin
23 **Tabu** (X). Until Sat: Hendon Gala. With: Reluctant Nudist (X)

DRAMA

24 **All That Money Can Buy** (A). Edward Arnold, Walter Huston. Fri 20 May only: 11.15 pm. Baker Street Classic
25 **The Apartment** (A). Jack Lemmon, Shirley McLaine. Until Sat: Highams Park Regal. With full supporting programme
26 **Les Bas-fonds** (A). Jean Gabin, Suzy Prim. Until Sun: Hampstead Everyman
27 **The Chalk Garden** (U). Hayley Mills, Deborah Kerr. From Sun: Tooting Bec Classic. With: Lords of the Forest (U)
28 **Climates of Love** (A). Marina Vlady, Emmanuele Riva. From Sun: Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. With: Now About These Women . . . (A)
29 **The Collector** (X). Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar. Until Sat: Hampstead Classic. With: A Home of Your Own (U)
30 **Confessor for a Bad Girl** (X). Until Sat: Putney Globe. With: Sin Syndicate (X)
31 **Darling . . .** (X). Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey. Until Sat: Harringay Curzon. With: Sparrows Can't Sing (A). From Sun: Chelsea Essoldo. With: Sardinia (U)
32 **Dear John** (X). Jarl Kulle, Christina Scholin. From Sun: Putney Globe. With: Sex Can Be Difficult (X)
33 **Diary of a Chambermaid** (X). Jeanne Moreau. From Sun: Golders Green Ionic. With: Marriage-Go-Round (X)
34 **Fanny Hill** (X). Leticia Roman, Miriam Hopkins. From Sun: Highams Park Regal. With: First Texan (U)
35 **Galia** (X). Mireille Darc. Oxford Street Cinephone. With: Lifetime of Comedy (U). Piccadilly Jacey
36 **Ivan the Terrible, Part II** (U). Russian dialogue, English subtitles. Fri 20 May only: 11.15 pm. Notting Hill Classic
37 **Kiss Me Stupid** (X). Dean Martin, Kim Novak. Until Sat: Notting Hill Classic. Late show Sat only: 11.15 pm
38 **Lawrence of Arabia** (A). Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness. From Mon: Leytonstone Rialto. With: Amazing New Zealand (U)
39 **The Procurer** (X). Tatsuo Umemiya, Mako Midori. Until Sat: Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. From Sun: Hendon Gala. With: Sweet Sound of Death (X)
40 **Room at the Top** (X). Laurence Harvey, Simone Signoret. Until Sat: Southfields Plaza. From Mon: Stepney Essoldo. With: Never Let Go (X)
41 **Sweet and Sour** (X). Jean-Paul Belmondo, Simone Signoret, Monica Vitti. From Sun: Notting Hill Classic
42 **That Man from Rio** (U). Jean-Paul Belmondo, Francoise Dorléac, Jean Servais. Until Sun: Chelsea Classic. Late show Sat only: 11.30 pm
43 **The Trials of Oscar Wilde** (X). Peter Finch, James Mason. Until Sat: Golders Green Ionic. With: Romanoff & Juliet (U)
44 **Ugetsu Monogatari** (X). Machiko Kyo. From Mon: Hampstead Everyman
45 **Vice and Virtue** (X). Annie Girardot, Catherine Deneuve From Sun: Kilburn Classic. With: Girl in the Headlines (A)
46 **War and Peace** (U). Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, John Mills. From Sun: Croydon Classic
47 **Wild in the Country** (A). Elvis Presley, Hope Lange. Until Sat: Dalston Classic. With: Saint of Devil's Island (A)
48 **Woman of Straw** (A). Sean Connery, Gina Lollobrigida. From Sun: Baker Street Classic
49 **Zorba the Greek** (X). Anthony Quinn, Lila Kedrova, Alan Bates. Until Sat: Finchley Rex. With: Divorce Italian Style (A)

HORROR

50 **Black Scorpion** (X). Richard Denning, Mara Corday. From Mon: Brixton Granada. With: Macabre (X)
51 **Brides of Dracula** (X). Peter Cushing, Martita Hunt. From Sun: Hackney Essoldo. With: Frankenstein (X)
52 **Demons of the Swamp** (X). Ken Clark. Mon only: Poplar Essoldo. With: The Spectre (X)
53 **Dracula, Prince of Darkness** (X). Christopher Lee, Barbara Shelley, Charles Tingwell. Until Sat: Queensbury Essoldo. With: Plague of the Zombies (X)
54 **The Fiend Who Walked the West** (X). Hugh O'Brian, Robert Evans. From Sun: Stepney Odeon. With: Rodan (X)
55 **Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man** (X). Ilona Massey, Patric Knowles. Until Sat: Harrow Road Prince of Wales. With: Tarantula (X)
56 **House of Frankenstein** (X). Boris Karloff. From Sun: Brixton Classic. With: Son of Dracula (X)
57 **House on Haunted Hill** (X). Carol Ohmart, Vincent Price. Until Sat: Tooting Astoria. With: Frankenstein 1970 (X)
58 **Night of the Blood Beast** (X). Michael Emmet. Wed only: Poplar Essoldo. With: Horror (X)
59 **Teenage Frankenstein** (X). Whit Bissell, Phyllis Coates. Tues only: Poplar Essoldo. With: Blood is My Heritage (X)
60 **War of the Zombies** (X). Ettore Manni, John Drew Barrymore. Until Sat: Hackney Essoldo. With: Shotgun (A)
61 **Witchcraft** (X). Jack Hedley, Jill Dixon, Lon Chaney. From Mon: Camberwell Grand. With: House of the Damned (X)

MUSICALS

62 **Blue Hawaii** (U). Elvis Presley. Until Sat: Clapton Kenninghall. With: Stage to Thunder Rock (U)
63 **Eddy Duchin Story** (U). Tyrone Power, Kim Novak. Until Sat: Baker Street Classic
64 **It's Love Again** (U). Jessie Matthews, Robert Young. Until Sat: Waterloo Station Classic
65 **Kid Galahad** (U). Elvis Presley. From Sun: Stoke Newington Coliseum. With: Magnificent Seven (U)

THRILLERS

66 **The Birds** (X). Rod Taylor, Tippi Hedren. Until Sat: Stoke Newington Coliseum. With: Day of the Triffids (X)
67 **Brute Force** (A). Burt Lancaster. Until Sat: Hammersmith Broadway. With: How to Undress in Public Without Undue Embarrassment (X)
68 **Hot Enough for June** (A). Dirk Bogarde, Sylva Koscina. Until Fri: Brixton Granada. With: The Ipcress File (A). (Not Sat: Wrestling)
69 **The Ipcress File** (A). Michael Caine. Until Fri: Brixton Granada. With: Hot Enough for June (A). (Not Sat: Wrestling). From Sun: Finchley Rex. With: League of Gentlemen (A)
70 **League of Gentlemen** (A). Jack Hawkins, Richard Attenborough. Until Sat: Victoria Cameo. From Mon: Finchley Rex. With: The Ipcress File (A) – Finchley only
71 **One Spy Too Many** (A). Robert Vaughn, David McCallum. From Mon: Thornton Heath Granada. With: The Sheepman (U)
72 **Payroll** (A). Michael Craig, Francoise Prévost. Until Sat: Stepney Odeon With: The Rebel (U)
73 **The Silencers** (A). Dean Martin, Stella Stevens. From Sun: Richmond Gaumont. With: Notorious Landlady (A). From Mon: Raynes Park Rialto. With: Broken Sabre (U)
74 **The Spy Who Went Into Hell** (A). Pascale Petit, Ray Danton. From: Mon: Harrow Road Prince of Wales. With: At Gunpoint (U)
75 **Thunderball** (A). Sean Connery. From Sun: Tooting Astoria
76 **Topkapi** (U). Peter Ustinov, Melina Mercouri. From Sun: Chelsea Classic

WAR

77 **Desert Rats** (U). Richard Burton, James Mason. Until Sat: Praed Street Classic. With: We Joined the Navy (U)
78 **None But the Brave** (U). Richard Basehart. Until Sat: Brixton Classic. With: World in his Arms (U)
79 **OSS 117** (A). Kerwin Mathews, Henri-Jacques Huet. Until Sat: Victoria Biograph. With: Brain Machine (A)
80 **633 Squadron** (A). Cliff Robertson, George Chakiris, Harry Andrews. Until Sat: Richmond Gaumont. With: Wonderful Country (U). From Sun: Stockwell Classic. With: The Brothers Rico (A)

WESTERNS

81 **Battle of Powder River** (A). Van Heflin, Yvonne de Carlo. Until Sat: Camberwell Grand. With: Desert Legion (U).
82 **Cat Ballou** (A). Jane Fonda, Lee Marvin. Until Sat: Leytonstone Rialto. With: Two Way Stretch (U)
83 **Duel at the Rio Grande** (U). Sean Flynn, Folco Lulli. Until Sat: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. With: Hell Squad (A)
84 **The Hallelujah Trail** (U). Burt Lancaster. From Mon: Harringay Curzon.
85 **The Last Sunset** (A). Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas, Dorothy Malone. Until Sat: Croydon Classic. With: A Place to Go (A)
86 **The Magnificent Seven** (U). Yul Brynner, Steve McQueen, Robert Vaughn, James Coburn. From Sun: Praed Street Classic. With: Who Was Maddox? (U). Stoke Newington Coliseum. With: Kid Galahad (U)
87 **Massacre at Fort Grant** (U). German Cobos, Marta May. From Sun: Queensbury Essoldo. With: Triumph of the Ten Gladiators (U)
88 **North to Alaska** (U). John Wayne. From Sun: Dalston Classic. With: Kansas Raiders (A)
89 **Ride Beyond Vengeance** (X). Chuck Connors, Michael Rennie. Until Sat: Thornton Heath Granada. With: That Man in Istanbul (A)
90 **Shenandoah** (U). James Stewart, Rosemary Forsyth. Until Sat: St Pancras Tolmer. With: The Traitors (U)
91 **Sitting Bull** (U). Dale Robertson. Until Sat: Stockwell Classic. With: Carry On Cabby (U)
92 **Stagecoach** (A). Ann-Margret, Alex Cord, Bing Crosby. Until Sat: Poplar Essoldo. With: Murder Game (A)

BOOKS

FIRST FIVE: 1 The Opoponax by Monique Wittig. 2 Desolation Angels by Jack Kerouac. 3 Amber Nine by John Gardner. 4 Heloise by Elizabeth Hamilton. 5 A Case of Human Bondage by Beverley Nichols.

Two years ago the Prix Medicis was awarded to a first novel by a French girl, Monique Wittig, now 31, called *The Opoponax*. It has sold 30,000 copies in France, and is being translated into 11 languages. This week Peter Owen publishes it in English.

It is a vivid, remarkable description of childhood in a country village; unparagraphed, unbroken flashes of description of a child's perception from, perhaps, the age of four when she can hardly run or do up her shoe laces, or take off her woollen gloves, until, perhaps, the age of 14, when she becomes very conscious of colours, poetry, nature, and a particular schoolfriend.

It is not a story of time, Miss Wittig emphasises, but of a state of mind. It is about how she sees, not what she is. It is "time in the mind, not time in reality. It is not a psychological novel. I aimed to begin with very simple language, and gradually to write more elaborately. There is no fundamental difference between the little girl and I, the writer. I have used com-

Frewin is to publish Stanley Holloway's autobiography, "Wiv a Little Bit o' Luck," in the autumn.

plicated words that the child could not have used, to show the adult always present in the child." In the French, "on" is used throughout; in English, it has been translated, with Miss Wittig's approval, as "you." She very much likes the English language, its effectiveness and its precision. Unlike a great many English writers, she doesn't feel that everything literary is happening in France. The most powerful influences on her have been a group of young Italian writers, and the cinema, especially Jean-Luc Godard. She says: "I tried most of all to achieve a cinematic effect in the novel, to pass from one scene to the next without a cut, to obtain an effect of removal from ordinary surroundings. To the child death and the playground are equally significant. I try to write very simply, leaving spaces or holes, partly to call the reader in to participate, and partly because in France we have this saying, the less you write the more you say."

What is the Opoponax of the title? "Something disturbing in the reality of the child's world," she says. "When the child comes to ask who she is, she says that she is something strange, to disturb people. And I also used it a little to amuse."

carole d'albiac

NOVELS

DESOLATION ANGELS by Jack Kerouac. A first-hand account of the key figures of the Beat Generation, though they are given different names. The crucial year which brought them together in San Francisco and Mexico, 1956-7, their crystallisation into a consciously formed, articulate, influential and exaggerated Group. Published by Deutsch, 23 May, 30s

THE MAN WHO LOVED CHILDREN by Christina Stead. In his long and enthusiastic introduction to the book, Randall Jarrell writes: "What other book represents – tries to represent even – a family in such conclusive detail? The book's household conversations between mother and child, father and child, are both superficially and profoundly different from any conversation in the world outside; reading such conversations is as satisfying as being given some food you haven't tasted since childhood." The book is a portrait of a man who loved, emoted and postured in front of his children, his wife, a rich girl embittered, apathetic and unfaithful through childbearing, and their children. Published by Secker & Warburg, 23 May, 35s

AMBER NINE by John Gardner. The third Boysie Oakes novel – our "flip-top, ice-footed non-hero" back in the liquidating business, scheduled to eliminate a Member of Parliament. He hires a private assassin for the kill near Lake Maggiore, but things aren't what they seem. There is a girl, a killer dwarf, a mysterious chronic illness. Published by Muller, 9 May, 18s

A FEW NIGHTS AND DAYS by Mbella Sonne Dipoko. First novel from a young African writer born in Cameroon, educated in Nigeria and Paris. The few nights and days are a crisis in the lives of four students in Paris, one of them an African who has an affair with a French girl: Paris atmosphere, emotional cross-currents, opposition to mixed marriage and a blandly conceited narrator. Published by Longmans, 23 May, 21s

THE COUPLE by John Sykes. A girl comes to London to forget an affair; she meets and marries a Polish doctor, goes with him to Poland and a different way of life. Published by Hutchinson, 23 May, 25s

PLAYS

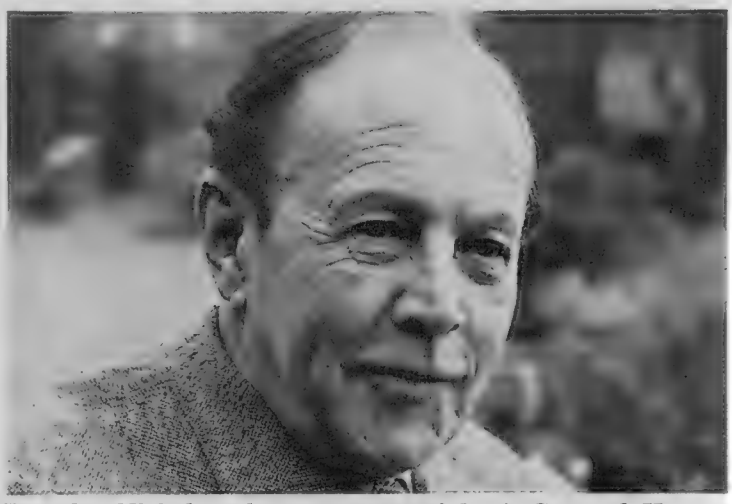
GREEN JULIA by Paul Ableman. Comedy in two acts for two characters. For two hours two university students discuss the five years they have shared digs and their future, while they wait for a girl, Julia, to join them. Her presence is increasingly felt. The end of the play is the end of a part of their lives. Published by Methuen, 19 May, 15s

PLAYS by Richard Hughes. Four plays, all written before the author of *A High Wind in Jamaica* was 25, all given their first performance between 1922 and 1924. *The Sister's Tragedy; A Comedy of Good and Evil; The Man Born to be Hanged,* and *Danger*. Published by Chatto & Windus, 19 May, 15s

GENERAL

A CASE OF HUMAN BONDAGE by Beverley Nichols. New light – perhaps – on an old Master. Beverley Nichols says he is writing his account of the house parties and many incidents he experienced in the company,

French novelist Monique Wittig, whose first novel "The Opoponax" is published this week.



Beverley Nichols, whose controversial "A Case of Human Bondage" is also out this week.

usually as the guest of, Somerset Maugham to vindicate Somerset Maugham's wife, whom the "Master" denounced bitterly in his last years. Controversial, gossipy, scandalous, easy to read account of a writer in old age and a way of life most of whose participants are safely dead. Published by Secker & Warburg, 19 May, 21s

HELOISE by Elizabeth Hamilton. Another study of the 12th-century lovers. Heloise is presented as a great Abbess when she was no longer able to be a great lover. Published by Hodder & Stoughton, 23 May, 25s

THE AERONAUTS: A HISTORY OF BALLOONING 1783-1903 by L T C Rolt. A history of balloons and the men who flew them, from the time that Thomas Carlyle called them "emblems of much and of our Age of Hope itself." The first manned ascents, flights across the Channel, the ill-fated Polar expedition, use in war, steam, electric and petrol-engined balloons. Published by Longmans, 23 May, 45s

A QUESTION OF COLOUR by Peter Griffiths. The winner of the election-before-last at Smethwick, whom Harold Wilson called "a parliamentary leper," gives his analysis of Britain's colour problem. Published by Leslie Frewin, 23 May, 35s

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X. Written with the assistance of Alex Haley. At about 9 or 10 pm Malcolm X would arrive for his two or three house sessions with Alex Haley, who calls him "the most electric personality I have ever met." Malcolm X was persuaded to have his story written because, he decided "I think my life story may help people to appreciate better how Mr Muhammed salvages black people." Published by Hutchinson, 23 May, 45s

ENGLISH FAIRY TALES retold by Ann McLeod. To refute anyone who says there are no English fairy tales. Well-known stories of Jack the Giant Killer, Goldilocks, Dick Whittington, etc, and some lesser-known figures like Idle Jack and Pretty Ragmaid. Published by Paul Hamlyn, 27 May, 15s

NEW PAPERBACKS

THE RICH PAY LATE by Simon Raven, Panther, 19 May, 5s

MARIE BEGINNING by Alfred Grossman, Panther, 19 May, 3s 6d

TESTS by Paul Ableman, Methuen, 19 May, 6s

DEAD DUCK by Patrick Macnee, Hodder, 23 May, 3s 6d

A CITY OF BELLS by Elizabeth Goudge, Hodder, 23 May, 5s

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ASTRONOMY, re-issued by Paul Hamlyn, 22 May, 30s

coming soon

26 May: THE BEGINNERS by Dan Jacobson (Weidenfeld)

GAME IN HEAVEN WITH TUSSY MARX by Piers Paul Read (Weidenfeld)

THREE by Ann Quin (Calder & Boyars)

MUSIC

FIRST FIVE: 1 Bluebeard, Sadler's Wells (Thurs, Sat, Mon, Tues). 2 Orpheus in the Underworld (Fri, Wed). 3 Turandot, Covent Garden (Fri and Tues). 4 LSO (Mahler Resurrection), Festival Hall (Sun). 5 Polyphonia Symphony Orchestra, Festival Hall (Tues).

Among orchestral musicians, harpists tend to be the odd men out – or, more likely, women. They are nearly all freelances, turning out on demand, mostly in singles. Musically, their role is more often graceful embellishment than part of the solid fabric. Their large and beautiful instruments employ a technique duplicated nowhere else, ill-understood by other musicians. Conductors are inclined to regard them with suspicion.

Apartness breeds togetherness: the harpists in Britain have now banded together in the 18-month-old United Kingdom Harpists Association. There are about 140 members, mostly students and amateurs, based on a core of 45 full-time professionals. On Friday (20 May), at the Arts Council, they will promote their first concert, featuring works by modern English composers.

Committee member John Marson, formerly with the LSO and now freelancing, says: "Most people seem to imagine there are about half a dozen solo harp pieces. In fact, the available repertoire would take a lifetime to learn. It's not just an instrument for making nice noises. In the hands of a virtuoso, it can be more varied and interesting than the piano." Another Association aim is to try and ease the chronic shortage of harps. All have to be imported, at a cost of £1,500-£2,000; 30-year-old ones will fetch £500.

Covent Garden plan to present "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," Strauss's longest opera, next year.

Perhaps because they work so much alone, harpists remain strong individualists. Doyenne of the corps is Maria Korchinska, once with the Bolshoi but resident here for 40 years; she has had more works dedicated to her than any living harpist. Almost equally celebrated are the Goossens sisters, Sidonie (only founder-member still playing with the BBC Symphony Orchestra) and Marie. Osian Ellis, probably the best-known male player, sings Welsh folk songs to his harp, when not appearing with the LSO or touring. Another man, David Snell, has switched largely to jazz. But mostly they're not specialists. "We're the most versatile musicians in the business," says Association secretary Michael Jefferies, who keeps three harps at his Wembley home. "We play everything from opera to light music and film scores. And we're the only instrument the electronic boys haven't yet learned to imitate."

richard last

Jacques Loussier makes his first public performance in this country at the Royal Albert Hall on 24 May.

RECITALS

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore Street, W1 (WEL 2141). Th 19 May: Works by Britten, Malcolm Williamson, Jonathan Harvey, Schubert, Percy Grainger and W G Whittaker. The Elizabethan Singers conducted by Louis Halsey. Owen Brannigan, bass, Wilfred Parry, piano. 7.30. F 20 May: Works by Haydn, Bartok-Arma, Paul Cooper, Franz Reisenstein, Prokofiev, Brian and Keys Duo, flute and piano. 7.30. Sat 21 May: Works by Delius, Brahms, Cesar Franck, Prokofiev. Leslie Hatfield, violin, Edward Parker, piano. 7.30. M 23 May: Works by Beethoven, Liszt, Debussy, Albeniz, Chopin. Diana Slattery, piano. 7.30. T 24 May: Works by Schubert, Beethoven, Brahms, Rago, Turina, Liszt. Alexis Rago, piano. 7.30. W 25 May: Works by Haydn, Shostakovich, Schubert. Weller String Quartet. 7.30

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). M 23 May: Works by Haydn, Weber, Stravinsky, Beethoven. Fine Arts Quartet. 8.0. W 25 May: Works by Sor, Handel, Granados, Albeniz. Segovia, guitar. 8.0

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7 (KEN 8212). T 24 May: Works by Bach. Jacques Loussier Trio. 8.0

ST MARY ABBOT'S CHURCH, W8. Th 19 May: David Atkin, piano. 1.10

FRENCH INSTITUTE, Queensberry Place, SW7 (KEN 6211). F 20 May: Works by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Ravel. Françoise Thinat, piano. 8.15

4 ST JAMES'S SQUARE, SW1. F 20 May. Works by Bax, Gareth Walters, Philip Canon, Reginald Smith Brindle. UK Harpists Association. 7.30

BROMPTON ORATORY, SW7 (KEN 4811). Sat 21 May: Messiah by Handel. Combined Kensington Choirs, Capriol Orchestra. Conductor: Francis Routh. Soloists: Noelle Barker, Owen Wynne, Geoffrey Shovelton, James Atkins, Ralph Downes, organ, Christopher Wood, harpsichord. 7.30

ST CLEMENT DANES, Strand, WC2. Sat 21 May: Mass for Double Choir and Soloists, Kenneth Leighton. (First London performance.) Edinburgh University Singers, directed by Herrick Burney. Alexander Anderson, organ. 7.30

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, WC1 (CHA 8032). Sat 21 May: Treatise by Cardew. Cornelius Cardew, 'cello, piano, radio; Lou Gare, tenor sax, violin; Eddie Prévost, percussion; Keith Rowe, electric guitar, electric sitar, radio; Laurence Sheaff, 'cello, clarinet, radio. 8.0

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, SW7 (KEN 6371). S 22 May: Works by Mozart, Nielsen, Beethoven. The Melos Ensemble. 7.30

FAIRFIELD HALL, Croydon (CRO 9291). T 24 May: Denis Matthews, piano. 1.5

ALL SAINTS, Margaret Street, W1. T 24 May: Martyn Parry, organ. 7.0

ST MARTIN - IN - THE - FIELDS, Trafalgar Square, WC2. T 24 May: Ursula Snow, violin, Gillian Steel, 'cello, Elizabeth Thomas, piano. 1.5

ST MICHAEL'S, Chester Square, SW1. T 24 May: Works by Bach, Cabezon, Lidon, Franck, Near, Messaien, Vierne. Robert Griffith, organ. 7.45

ST MARY OF ETON, Hackney Wick, E9. W 25 May: Works by Buxtehude, Hindemith, Leonard Rice, Bach. Grahame Walsh, organ. 8.0

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Th 19 May: Works by Bruckner, Stravinsky, Milner. London Choral Society, Philomusica of London. Conductor: John Tobin. Soloists: Heather Harper, soprano, Neil Howlett, baritone. 8.0. F 20 May: Works by Wagner, Delius, Tchaikovsky, Schumann, Rimsky - Korsakov. London Junior and Senior Orchestras. Conductors: Bernard Keeffe, Muir Matheson. Soloist: Peter Katin, piano. 8.0. Sat 21 May: Works by Sibelius, Beethoven, Brahms. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Stanley Pope. 8.0. Sun 22 May: People Like Us – in honour of Africa Freedom Day 1966. Folk, Jazz and Poetry with Nadia Catthouse, Andrew Faulds, Joe Harriott Quintet, "Fusions" of Jazz and Indian Music, Holder Brothers, Ginger John Brothers, Vanessa Redgrave, Annie Ross, Les Sioux etc. 2.30. Works by Wagner, Mahler. London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. Conductor: Georg Solti. Soloists: Heather Harper, soprano, Helen Watts, contralto. 7.30. T 24 May: The Book with Seven Seals, Franz Schmidt. Polyphonia Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Choir. Conductor: Bryan Fairfax. Soloists: John Mitchinson, Forbes Robinson, Margaret Price, Yvonne Minton, John Wakefield, Alan Harverson, organ. 8.0

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7 (KEN 8212). Sun 22 May: Viennese Night. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Eduard Strauss. Soloist: Adele Leigh. 7.30

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE, Kensington High Street, W8 (WES 1852). Th 19 May: Works by Satie, Malitiero, R Strauss, Milhaud, Schmitt, Stravinsky, Ginastera. Jaques Orchestra. Conductor: Bernard Jacob. 7.30

ODEON, SWISS COTTAGE, NW3 (PRI 3424). T 24 May: Works by Weber, Barber, Liadov, Enesco. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Walter Susskind. Soloist: Daniel Pollack. 8.0

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). F 20 May: Turandot, Puccini (in Italian). Conductor: Mackerras. Principals: Shuard, Vaughan; Corelli, Kelly. 7.30. M 23 May: Tosca, Puccini (in Italian). Conductor: Downes. Principals: Collier, Turp, Bacquier, Garrett, Godfrey. 7.30. T 24 May: Turandot, Puccini (in Italian). Conductor: Mackerras. Principals: Shuard, Vaughan; Corelli, Kelly. 7.30

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (TER 1672). Th 19 May: Bluebeard, Offenbach. Conductor: Faris. Principals: Neville, Burton, Blackham, Hawthorne, Fryatt, Klein, Shilling, Orchard. 7.30. F 20 May: Orpheus in the Underworld, Offenbach. Conductor: T Kern. Principals: London, Johnston, Morey, Manning, Miller, Belcourt, Browne, Stroud. 7.30. Sat 21 May: Bluebeard, Offenbach. Conductor: Faris. Principals: Neville, Burton; Blackham; Hawthorne, Fryatt; Klein; Shilling, Orchard. 7.30. M 23 May: Bluebeard, Offenbach. Conductor: Faris. Principals: Neville, Burton; Blackham, Hawthorne, Fryatt, Klein, Shilling, Orchard. 7.30. T 24 May: Bluebeard, Offenbach. Conductor: Faris. Principals: Neville, Burton, Blackham, Hawthorne, Fryatt, Klein, Shilling, Orchard. 7.30. W 25 May: Orpheus in the Underworld. Offenbach. Conductor: T Kern. Principals: London, Johnston, Morey, Manning, Miller, Belcourt, Browne, Stroud. 7.30

TOWN HALL, Euston Road, NW1 (BRU 2060). Th 19 May: Il Pirata, Bellini. Philopera Circle. Principals: Tinsley, Danziger, Johnston, Gloster, Johnson, MacPherson. Chanticleer Orchestra. Conductor: Budasconyi. 7.30

LEWISHAM CONCERT HALL, Catford, SE6 (DUN 3431). S 22 May: Gilbert & Sullivan for all. Members of the d'Oyly Carte Company, supported by Lewisham, Eutopian and El Dorado Operatic Societies. 8.0

BALLET

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). (Sandwiches and coffee available in upper house 1 hr before curtain. Salads available in Crush Bar ½ hr before curtain up or during interval, but must be ordered by 1 pm on day concerned. Th 19 May: Ballet Imperial, Tchaikovsky/Balanchine. Conductor: Lanchbery; and Song of the Earth, Mahler/MacMillan. (First performance by Royal Ballet.) Conductor: Swarowsky. Principals: Sibley, Doyle, Bergsma, Haydee, MacLeary, Dowell. 7.30. Sat 21 May: Ballet Imperial, Tchaikovsky/Balanchine. Conductor: Young; and Song of the Earth, Mahler/MacMillan. Conductor: Swarowsky. Principals: Nerina, Blair, Bergsma, Haydee, MacLeary, Dowell. 7.30. W 25 May: Ballet Imperial, Tchaikovsky/Balanchine. Conductor: Young; and Song of the Earth, Mahler/MacMillan. Conductor: Swarowsky. Principals: Nerina, Blair, Mason, Seymour, MacLeary, Dowell. 7.30

GALLERIES

FIRST FIVE: 1 Dubuffet (Tate). 2 Dubuffet (Robert Fraser). 3 Paul Jenkins (Tooths). 4 Seligman Collection (Arts Council). 5 Drawings from the Print Room (British Museum).

It has been possible for a frequent visitor to the Tate gallery during the last year to change his mind almost as frequently as the pictures and sculptures seem to have changed their positions. The long-held hope that the Tate might indeed become a "living" gallery of art has not only been given some substance in the collection itself but has been given a wry twist by the physical necessity of hanging temporary exhibitions. This has meant almost continual rearrangement, disappearance and reappearance, not only of familiar works, but also of new acquisitions.

The advantages of some degree of permanence are obvious; careful planning and juxtaposition can give meaning and information that everyone, including the expert and the scholar, can gain from. The advantages of temporary improvisation are not as perverse as they might appear.

First of all, art itself, if it is any good, resists historicism. It is concerned obsessively with itself, and perhaps what is just in front of its nose –

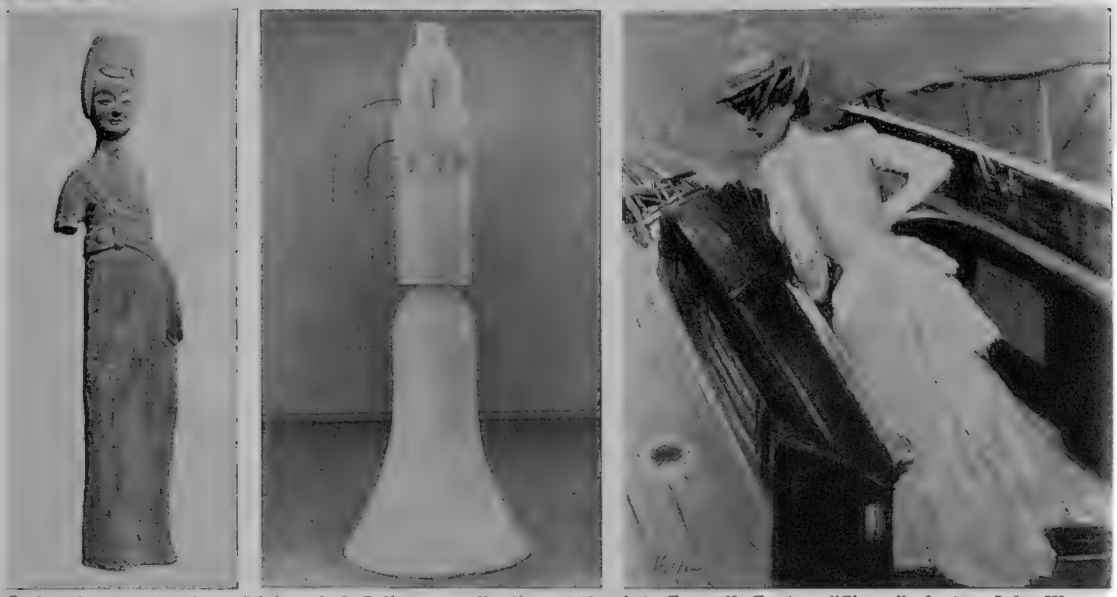
The Sphinx (106) will soon be opening opposite The Obelisk (15), Crawford Street; same management – same style.

i.e. the next picture. Secondly, the frequent changes hold at bay in all of us the inclination *not* to see what is familiar, merely to give a glance of recognition and pass on. Larger modern works of art are often concerned with their environment, and what suits one does not necessarily help another but, during the last year, many works have shown a surprising ability to "read" in different contexts.

However, we all look forward to a period of relative stability in the matter, and no doubt there will be some sighs of relief on the part of the Tate staff when the arrangement of the modern galleries is completed at the end of this month.

The same situation, though by no means as hectic, has been evident at the National Gallery where the air-conditioned rooms are an almost unqualified success. There is an advantage there that old master pictures are mostly easier to relate in consistent architectural settings. The current failure is hanging the main Dutch pictures in a gallery with a lot of doors but no windows – Dutch painting does not hang well in corridor conditions. But the rearranged and tapestry-hung Spanish room can certainly claim to open our eyes to the familiar.

keith sutton



Left: Woman, Northern Wei period, Seligman collection at the Arts Council. Centre: "Siren," plaster, John Wragg at the Hanover Gallery. Right: "Abord d'un Yacht," Mme Helleu at Roland, Browse & Delbanco.

Above left: 'Figure Eye and Camera 1, 1966," John Piper at the Marlborough New London. Left: "Phenomena, Off the Sights," Paul Jenkins at Tooths. Right: "La Dame aux Camelias," Aubrey Beardsley at the V. & A. Museum

OPENING

ILENE ASTRAHAN. Portal Gallery, 16a Grafton Street, W1. HYD 0706. "Doors of Perception": tempera paintings on panel; Mediterranean façades and surrealistically inclined still-lifes. Sizes up to 36 in. x 24 in. 24 May-24 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

BATTERSEA PARK. Open-air sculpture exhibition; including works by Moore, Hepworth, Paolozzi, Caro etc. 20 May-30 Sep – till the light fails. Adm: 2s 6d. Stds & under 16, 1s 6d

DRIAN, 5/7 Porchester Place, W2. PAD 9473. Drian artists. 23 May-8 June. Daily 10-6

BARBARA HEPWORTH. Gimpels Fils. 50 South Molton Street, W1. MAY 3720. Recent sculptures and drawings, work in bronze and slate. 24 May-July. M-F 10-5.45, Sat 10-1

IVON HITCHENS, Waddington, 2 Cork Street, W1. REG 1719. Recent paintings, oil on canvas, romantic landscapes. 24 May-25 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

PATRICK SCOTT, Hamilton, 8 St George Street, W1. HYD 3196. Adjustable abstracts, gold on natural canvas. Second solo exhibition at gallery. 24 May-18 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

GUSTAVE SINGIER, Redfern, 20 Cork Street, W1. REG 1732. New paintings. 24 May-18 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

ROTHENBERG, KIRK AND WEBSTER, Woodstock, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAY 4419. Recent paintings; Rothenberg – figurative, Kirk – figurative towards pop, Webster – abstract towards hard-edge. 23 May-11 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

CURRENT

AGNEW, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 6176. Baroque and Rococo painting in Italy. Until 28 May. M-F 9.30-5.30, Sat 9.30-1

AIA, 15 Lisle Street, WC2. GER 4946. Diana Dean. Also. Plus Two – work by young artists who left college in July 1964. Until 7 June. M-F 11-6, Sat 11-4

PAULINE AITKEN, Curwen, 1 Coleville Place, W1. MUS 1459. Etchings. Until 28 May. M-F 10-5, Th 10-7, Sat 10-1

ARTS COUNCIL, 4 St James's Square, SW1. WHI 9737. Selection from the collection of Oriental art formed by the late Prof and Mrs C G Seligman. Until 7 June. M, W, F & Sat 10-6, Tu & Th 10-8. Adm 3s 6d. Students and pensioners half-price

ART FEDERATION GALLERY, 6½ Suffolk Street, SW1. WHI 6844. Free Painters Group; "Trends in Modern Art 1966." Until 4 June. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

AUBREY BEARDSLEY, Victoria & Albert Museum, Kensington, SW7. KEN 6371. Drawings, lithographs, documents – pretty well everything he ever did. Until 18 Sep. Daily 10-6, Sun 2.30-6. Open Whit Monday.

ANTHONY D'OFFAY, 8 Vigo Street, W1. REG 5568. The English Friends of Paul Gauguin. Until 2 July. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell Street, WC1. MUS 1555. A further selection of Masterpieces from the Print Room: New Guinea; the Sepik Headwaters 1963-4: Far Eastern Screen Painting: Swedish Gold. (Until 26 June.) Open Whit Monday. Daily 10-5, Sun 2.30-6

BILL DOLE, McRoberts & Tunnard, 34 Curzon Street, W1. GRO 3811. Abstract collages with graphic inflections; first solo exhibition in Britain. Until 18 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

DUBUFFET, Robert Fraser, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. "Utensiles Utopiques": recent work. Until 28 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 11-1

DUBUFFET, Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1. TAT 4444. Retrospective exhibition. Until 30 May. M-S 10-6, Tues and Th 10-8, Sun 2-6. Adm 3s 6d adults, 1s 9d students and old-age pensioners. Seasons – 10s and 5s

PAUL JENKINS, Arthur Tooth, 31 Bruton Street, W1. GRO 6741. Oils and water-colours, modest in size but grand in scale. Until 4 June. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

PAUL JENKINS, Savage, 65 Old Brompton Road, SW7. KEN 7945. Lithographs, including the series of illustrations to "Seeing Voice Welsh Heart." Until 31 May. M-F 9-6, Sat 9-1

ANATOLI KAPLAN, Ben Uri, 21 Dean Street, W1. GER 2852. "The Bewitched Tailor" and other lithographs. Until 22 May. M-Thu 10-5, F 10-3, Sun 2.30-6

LORD'S GALLERY, 26 Wellington Road, St John's Wood, NW8. PRI 4444. "Bonnard, Lautrec & '90's Posters" extended till mid-June. Daily 10-7

JOAN MIRO, Marlborough Fine Arts, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Selected paintings 1914-1963. Until 28 May. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

O'HANA, 13 Carlos Place, W1. GRO 1562. Summer exhibition of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Paintings. Until 17 Sept. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

THE QUEEN'S GALLERY, Buckingham Palace, SW1. "George IV and the Arts of France." Until further notice. T-Sat 11-5, Sun 2.30-5. Closed Mon. Adm 2s 6d, Students 1s 6d

ROLAND, BROWSE & DELBANCO, 19 Cork Street, W1. REG 7984. *La Vie Intime.* Exhibition free, catalogues sold in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. Until 18 June. M-F 10.30-5.30, Sat 10-1

LINO SCHENAL, Obelisk, 15 Crawford Street, W1. HUN 9821. Italian artist who lives in Portofino and paints bright semi-surrealist pictures, poster-oils on canvas. Until 7 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

ROYAL ACADEMY, Piccadilly, W1. REG 7981. Summer Exhibition. Until 14 August. M-Sat 10-6, Sun 2-6. Adm 5s. Students and pensioners half-price

Lady at the Hairdresser's (left) *is one of a Frankenthal pair expected to fetch up to £1,800 at Sotheby's on 24 May. The pen and wash drawing of Madonna and Child by Tiepolo* (right) *is to be sold at Christie's on 20 May.*

SALEROOMS

FRI 20 MAY

English and Continental furniture, rugs and carpets and English and Continental pewter at Sotheby's. 11 am. The last two lots in this sale are furniture belonging to playwright Terence Rattigan. They are a pair of Hepplewhite mahogany armchairs and a Regency partridgewood sofa table

Pictures and drawing by Old Masters at Christie's. 11 am. This sale includes a very lovely flower painting by Jan Van Huysum and some fine religious and historical paintings. Among the drawing is *The Rape of Ganymede* by Giovanni Bellini and an exceptionally free drawing, almost modern in style, of the Madonna and Child by Tiepolo. There is also an interesting study of a horse's head by Tiziano Vecellio

All-world stamps at Harmer Rooke's. 11 am and 2 pm

Household furniture and effects at Phillips, Son & Neale's, Marylebone auction-rooms. 10 am

Furniture, pictures and objects of art at Knight, Frank & Rutley's. 1 pm

MON 23 MAY

Coins at Sotheby's. 2.30 pm

Firearms and swords at Sotheby's. 11 am

Western and Islamic works of art at Christie's. 11 am

Antique and reproduction furniture, carpets, porcelain and pictures at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 11 am

TUES 24 MAY

Old Master drawings at Sotheby's. 2.30 pm

Important Continental pottery and porcelain at Sotheby's. 11 am. In this sale is a superb collection of Höchst figures and some splendid Frankenthal groups including two highly amusing groups showing a lady and a gentleman at the hairdresser's

Fine Chinese porcelain at Christie's. 11 am

17th- & 18th-century pictures at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 2 pm

English and Continental furniture, porcelain and works of art at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 11 am

Ceramics and objects of art at Puttick & Simpson's. 11 am

Household furniture and effects at Bonham's Old Chelsea Galleries

WED 25 MAY

18th- & 19th-century paintings and drawings at Sotheby's. 11 am

Fine jewels at Christie's. 11 am

Porcelain and silver at Bonham's. 11 am

Silver and jewellery at Puttick & Simpson's. 11 am

Antiques at the Motcomb Galleries. 11 am and 2.30 pm

Antique and modern furniture, silver and works of art at Harrod's. 10 am

THURS 26 MAY

Old Master engravings, etchings and woodcuts at Sotheby's. 2.30 pm

Fine English and foreign silver and plate at Sotheby's. 11 am

English and Continental furniture, objects of art, Eastern rugs and carpets at Christie's. 11 am

Antique and modern furniture at Bonham's. 11 am

Paintings by Old and Modern Masters at Bonham's. 11 am

Objects of art, pictures, porcelains and carpets at Harrod's. 10 am

ADDRESSES & VIEWING TIMES

Bonham & Sons Ltd, Montpelier Galleries, Montpelier Street, SW7 (KNI 9161) – at least three days before sale

Christie, Manson & Woods Ltd, 8 King Street, SW1 (TRA 9060) – at least three days before sale

Harmer Rooke & Co Ltd, 2 Arundel Street, WC2 (TEM 7941) – at least three days before sale

Harrod's Estate Offices, 32 Hans Crescent, SW1 (KEN 1490) – at least two days before sale

Knight, Frank & Rutley, 20 Hanover Square, W1 (MAY 8171) – at least two days before sale

Motcomb Galleries, 19 Motcomb Street, SW1 (BEL 3636) – at least two days before sale

Phillips, Son & Neale Ltd, 7 Blenheim Street, W1 (GRO 8541) – two days before sale

Puttick & Simpson Ltd, 7 Blenheim Street, W1 (GRO 8541) – at least one day before sale

Sotheby & Co, 24 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 7242) – at least two days before sale

penny haworth

MAKE A DATE

FRI 3 JUNE:
Ball: The Ski Club of Great Britain Ball, Hurlingham.
WED 8 JUNE:
Fair: Antique Dealers' Fair, Grosvenor House (till 23rd).
THUR 9 JUNE:
Show: Richmond Royal Horse Show (& 10th).
FRI 10 JUNE:
Ball: The Red Hat Ball, Hurlingham.
SAT 11 JUNE:
Custom: Trooping the Colour.
SUN 12 JUNE:
Polo: Final of Queen's Cup, Windsor Great Park.
MON 20 JUNE:
Tennis: All England Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon (till 2 July).
Ball: Christchurch Ball, Oxford.
THUR 23 JUNE:
Ball: Victoria League Ball.
WED 29 JUNE:
Regatta: Henley Royal Regatta (till 2 July).
FRI 8 JULY:
Show: Royal Windsor Rose Show (& 9th), Private Grounds Windsor Castle, Berks.
SAT 9 JULY:
Cricket: Varsity Match, Lords.
MON 11 JULY:
Festival: Festival of the City of London, London (till 23rd).
WED 13 JULY:
Tournament: Royal Tournament, Earls Court.
FRI 15 JULY:
Ball: The Fleet Air Arm Ball, Hurlingham.
SAT 16 JULY:
British Grand Prix: Brands Hatch. Top event in the British motor racing calendar.
MON 18 JULY:
Show: Royal International Horse Show, White City (till 23rd).
TUES 26 JULY:
Flat Racing: Goodwood Flat Racing (till 29th).
SAT 30 JULY:
Football: World Cup Final, Wembley.
TUES 2 AUGUST:
Ball: Royal London Yacht Club Ball, Cowes.
MON 8 AUGUST:
Celebrations: Battle of Britain Celebrations.
WED 10 AUGUST:
Jumping: Ascot Jumping Show, Ascot Racecourse.
THUR 18 AUGUST:
Cricket: Fifth Test Match, England v West Indies (until 23rd), Oval, London.
SUN 21 AUGUST:
Festival: Edinburgh International Festival (till 10 Sept), Edinburgh.
SUN 25 AUGUST:
Flowers: Guernsey Battle of Flowers, Guernsey, Channel Islands.
MON 5 SEPTEMBER:
Show: Farnborough Air Show and Exhibition (till 11th), Farnborough, Hampshire.
TUES 6 SEPTEMBER:
Racing: Manx Grand Prix Motor Cycle Racing (till 8th), Isle of Man.
FRI 9 SEPTEMBER:
Exhibition: International Handicrafts and Do-It-Yourself Exhibition (till 24th), Olympia, London.

GOOD EATING

This is shattered illusions week.

I saw Annette Page dance so sweetly at Covent Garden in *La Fille Mal Gardée* that, said I, this girl must be met. Easy solution: let she and her husband, Ronald Hynd, also a dancer, come to dinner. Then we can talk ballet – and also, for the benefit of those ladies who wonder how it can be done, discover the secret of staying slim as a ballerina.

The shattered illusion is this:

Annette Page is as sweet as I'd expected. But as for advice to would-be-slim ladies: no luck, girls. Annette Page (to use her own phrase) eats like a horse.

"You have to think of a dancer as an athlete," she says. "You have to eat like an athlete because you consume fantastic energy all the time.

"There's a strange aura about our profession – more than about any other – yet dancers are more down-to-earth than any other people I know. Because we don't speak on the stage, people who come to meet us at the stage door often seem to think we're deaf mutes in life as well."

Her usual day goes something like this:

A big breakfast, say bacon and eggs or scrambled eggs. Then follow class sessions – "tortuous exercises for an hour and a half during which you can't understand whatever persuaded you to become a dancer in the first place – but you feel better afterwards." There's a 12 to 1.30 rehearsal, after which comes what Annette Page calls "Com-plan time."

This is a fairly new food-surrogate, three spoons of vitamin- and mineral-full powder mixed with liquid, "after which you aren't hungry. But with a big performance ahead, I usually have a big lunch, and rarely do afternoon class. I go to bed in the afternoon, and fool myself that I'm resting, before going to the theatre.

"I'm always nervous beforehand. I wish I didn't feel like that, but I do. Once I get on stage I'm more or less all right. Waiting in the wings is the worst part. After the show I'm always hungry, but a little seems to go a long way then. After the horror is over, we relax with a few convivial friends."

With all this, Annette Page's weight stays a pretty constant 7 st 10 lb – she is 5 ft 4 in and reckons she should be about two stone heavier – except when she relaxes on holiday in Italy and waxes slightly.

"Dancing must be a healthy profession," she says. "Most dancers live to a very old age, though they usually suffer from arthritis and general wear and tear of the joints."

Ballerina Annette Page at the Gattopardo: "You have to eat like an athlete because you consume fantastic energy all the time."

Ronald Hynd paints a starker picture of the work itself: "Sometimes you're trying to look serene and beautiful, when your heart is bursting and you've gone stone deaf. There was a doctor once did a heartbeat test on me. He was absolutely horrified. My heart was beating so fast, he said, about 200 a minute, that technically I shouldn't have been alive."

"I've danced since I was four," says Annette Page in simple explanation of her agonising, beautiful work. "As soon as anyone played the piano or gramophone, Madame was off, gallivanting round the room."

To come back to the more prosaic topic of food, she says: "I like all cuisine, but I just like eating. All dancers do. Sometimes we have terrible problems because people think that dancers don't eat. They will give parties for us after the show, just a few little bits, and in a few minutes it's all gone. Nowadays the management tells people that dancers *eat* if they want to give a party for us."

Does she like cooking – Annette Page says "the world's full of marvellous things to eat and drink, thank goodness" – as well as consuming?

"I'm not a bad cook. Garlic – that's my style. It features heavily in every dish. I have to make all my partners eat it too, that's the trouble. I was introduced to it at 17 and I've never looked back. When I lived on my own – and sometimes I think that's *why* I lived on my own – I used to have garlic sandwiches: bread and butter with garlic chopped up on top and sprinkled with salt and pepper.

"There is a theory that if you eat enough garlic your system absorbs it, and you don't smell any more."

Here her husband put in: "There is that theory, but it's wrong." He added: "One of these days they're going to invent a garlic liqueur."

"Wouldn't it be marvellous!" enthused Annette Page. "A very sort of refined liqueur."

arthur pottersman

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FRENCH ACCENT

CHEZ JEAN, 102 High Street, Potters Bar (PR 54679). Tuesday to Saturday from 12-2.30 and 7-11. Sundays, lunch only; and closed all day Monday. A very useful spot to know of, *en route* to Bobbity's, or Lord Salisbury as he is called, at Hatfield. I didn't expect to find anything in Potters Bar, except easy parking. But Jean Clemaron, the jolly *chef de cuisine,* and Madame, took me quite by surprise. Excellent food such as: *terrine du chef* (4s 6d), onion soup; *côte de porc* (9s 6d); *entrecôte Beaujolais* (14s); *steak au poivre* (16s); *escalope à la crême* (16s); a good selection of fresh vegetables from 1s 6d to 4s (that's *champignons Provençale*); and some lovely goodies: these include various ice-creams, and some delicious fruit concoctions – ask about them there and then. Wines range from the ordinaire at 15s 6d to lascivious claret at 57s. There's a most remarkable waiter who could, I believe, charm Harold Wilson into having sauce tartare with his fish 'n' chips. He took me for one of the best-acted rides I've ever encountered – three accompanying tasters fell all over the place laughing. I won't say what – just ask for their special *Camembert de Normandie* – and the waiter that resembles Belmondo will be most helpful. Madame Clemaron, whose visitors' book boasts Ian Carmichael, Acker Bilk, and the British half-mile speed-skating champion of 1949 (he's not so speedy after such eating), is a very attentive hostess; when one lady taster, leaving space for goodies, abandoned one-third of her steak, Madame muttered at the waiter: *"Il y a quelquechose?"* My only criticism – it is really a bit too dark, and faintly airless. The canned music could be worse. Expect to pay around 30s a head. CREDIT CARDS: none, but they accept cheques

LE COQ AU VIN, 8 Harriet Street, Lowndes Square, SW1 (BEL 3969). Monday to Saturday from 12-3 and 7-11.30 (last orders 30 minutes earlier each time). On the lifted face of it, you are deep in Knightsbridge dowager country. "A lorgnette yet!" as taster Kingsley Amis observed of one eating neighbour. There are also some pretty women who know (or whose menfolk know) about this, which is, I dare say, as good French cooking as you will find in any of London's smaller and more select restaurants. Some first-rate eavesdropping, too, which included a choice item from a lady suffering from *après-weekend* who observed to her companion how helpless a host can be when faced with a greedy week-ending guest. Good big portions – you'd be amazed how much a girl may need to keep her strength up during shopping expeditions – and most emphatically not drowned in wine sauces. They are, naturally, proud of the *coq au vin* itself (12s 6d); *cotelettes d'agneau* (12s 6d) and *caneton roti* (13s 6d) have been enjoyed. Starting-wise, aubergines, avocado, and the *potages du jour* (5s 6d & 2s 6d respectively). Ending-wise: ice-cream goodies mainly, including *coup dame blanche* (5s). Wine: 13s 6d the carafe. Expect to pay 35s or £2 a head. Proprietor Jacques Lestrade should by time of printing have opened his new place – Les Trois Canards (formerly La Surprise) at 13-14 Knightsbridge Green. I wish him well in that, too. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, Barclays*

L'EPICURE, 28 Frith Street, W1 (GER 2829). Open Monday to Saturday from 12-2.30 and 6-11.15. I am pleased to say that they are about as reliable here as you might expect from the name. Only surprise: such a wide choice from such a small restaurant (I don't suppose it can seat more than 50 at a squeeze): 34 different hors d'oeuvres, from *moules poulette* (6s) and *raviolo au fromage* (4s 6d) to *escargots* (6s 6d) and whitebait (5s 6d); then 19 fish dishes – trout (9s 6d), even trout *au* whisky (10s 6d) which I'd rather not, *vol-au-vent de homard* (19s) – 43 entrées – *foie de veau* (9s), *ris de veau marechale* (11s 6d), *noisette d'agneau* (10s 6d) – and there's often some game as well, such as pigeon (12s 6d) or pheasant (37s 6d for two). To conclude: 22 kinds of goodies, from banana *flambé* which my child bride adores (7s 6d), to *meringue Chantilly* which I dote upon (4s). I don't altogether urge the Turkish coffee, but the Cona seems reasonable. There are carafe wines at 18s (white) and 17s 6d (red), which rather makes many recognisable bottles worth while. One reservation: I don't know how you feel about these things, but I prefer not to have quite so many dishes cooked at the tableside as happens here. Efficient service, often friendly, too. Expect to pay about 30s a head, maybe plus a bit. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, Eurocard*

AROUND TOWN

RULES, Maiden Lane, WC2 (TEM 5314): Monday to Saturday from 12.15-3 and 6-11.20 (Saturdays, 11) with last orders at 11.30. Enter here and reflect: there'll always be an England. Established in 1798, Rules used to be long bare boards and benches, separated by partitions, elderly tasters tell me. Now the 19th-century theatrical prints are famous and the blackamoors too. Roughly speaking, English cooking, with a firm French underpinning. There are daily specialities, and though roast beef and Yorkshire is now on every day, I shall miss the beef braised in beer that I used to have on Wednesdays. Whitebait (6s 6d) and Monday's green pea soup (3s) make good starts. The smoked eel (8s 6d) is OK, and so, for them as likes 'em, are the jellied eels (6s 6d) – best outside Tubby Isaacs, says my child bride, who despite being a Jerusalem girl has acquired quite a taste for the things. Aforesaid roast beef is 12s 6d; the steak & kidney pie (10s 6d) is justly famous and mighty filling; veal chop *sauté grandemere,* with shallots and things, is another favourite of mine (13s 6d) which needs little to go with it. I cannot recall ever having enjoyed a salad here, for some vinegary reason. The sweets are first rate: fresh pineapple and kirsch (8s); trifle Chantilly (3s 6d); *cassata* (2s 6d) A new wine list is just being drawn up and hasn't reached me yet, but there are some good and not too pricey clarets, I recall, as well as Burgundy, hock, rosé at 3s a glass, and champagne (G H Humm-N-V) at 6s. I only wish one didn't have to fight in the winter to find coat-hanging space. Otherwise a lovely place, which ladies usually love and men, too, feel at home in. Bill for two may be as little as 40 or 50 shillings, or as much as £4. CREDIT CARDS: None

SHEEKEY'S, 29-31 St Martin's Court, WC2 (TEM 4118). Open Monday to Friday, 12.15-8.30 and Saturday 12.15-3 pm, serving right through on the weekdays. What with the position, smack in the middle of two theatres and with several more no distance away, and what with the hours, this is inevitably a theatrical venue. All fish dishes and none of your French sauces, do you mind? With the enormous slab of steamed turbot (12s 6d) have parsley sauce (1s). I don't know what you have with stewed jellied eels (12s 6d). Also on the menu: steamed Dover sole (13s 6d), steamed escallops (12s 6d), lobster (salad 19s 6d, half from 25s), crab (16s) and February to September fresh salmon (about 16s). No sweets; only cheeses (1s 6d). Tea is served between 3 and 5.30 – see what I mean about splendidly tough English atmosphere? Uncompromising too. Useful variety of drinks, including wine by the largish glass (4s), but you can't get that between 3 and 5.30, which is where tea comes into its own. Expect to pay about 25s a head at least. CREDIT CARDS: None

By the way, owing to a printer's error the telephone number of the Guinea was wrongly given here the other week. It is MAY 5613

TOP TEN

AU JARDIN DES GOURMETS, French, 5 Greek Street, W1 (GER 1816). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30 Average bill for two £4 10s-£5. Credit cards: Diners, American Express

BARON OF BEEF, English, Gutter Lane, Gresham Street, EC2 (MON 6961). Mon-Fri 12-3, 5-9.30 (last orders, but licensed to 11). Average bill for two £5 plus. No credit cards, but private accounts arranged

BLOOMS, Kosher, 90 Whitechapel High Street, E1 (BIS 6001), and Golder's Green Road, NW11 (SPE 1338). Mon-Thurs 11 am-10 pm, Fri 1 am-3 pm, Sun 11 am-11.30 pm. Average bill for two 35s. No credit cards

BENTLEY'S, English (fish only), 11-15 Swallow Street, W1 (REG 6210). Mon-Sat 11.30-3, 5.30-11 (Sat 10.30). Last orders 10.45 (Sat 10.15). Average bill for two £2 10s-£5 10s. Credit Cards: Diners, American Express

CAPRICE, French, Arlington Street, W1 (HYD 3183, 5154). Mon-Sat 12.30-3, 6.30 onwards (last orders 11.45). Average bill for two £5 10s. Credit cards. Eurocard

COLOMBINA D'ORO, Italian, 61 Dean Street, W1 (REG 4150, 6875). Every day from 12-3 and 6 (Sun 6.30)-11.30. Average bill for two £4. No credit cards

CRANKS SALAD TABLE, vegetarian 22 Carnaby Street, W1 (GER 9431). Mon-Fri 11.30-8.30 (coffee from 10). Bill about 13s

YOUNG'S CHINESE RESTAURANT, 13-15 West Street, WC2 (TEM 2322). Open daily 12 noon-12 midnight. Typical main dish, Chinese savoury pastries, two portions 10s.-12s. Credit cards: Diners, American Express

WHITE TOWER, Greek, 1 Percy Street, W1 (MUS 8141). Mon-Sat 12.45-3, 6.45-10 30. Average bill for two £5-£6. Credit cards: Diners, American Express

SIMPSONS - IN - THE - STRAND, English, 100 the Strand, WC2 (TEM 7131). Mon-Sat 12-3, 6-10 (booking essential). Average bill for two £3 10s. Credit cards: Eurocard

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NIGHT LIFE

The most repeated criticism of London Night Life is the air of rather scruffy, care-worn fatigue which lumbers across the boards in a lot of shows To those depressed minorities I would say one word, "Pigalle." In fact I would say it again, "Pigalle." I trotted downstairs to the Pigalle in Piccadilly the other night to witness the return to cabaret of Tonia Bern, wife of speedman Donald Campbell.

The floor show has everything one expects from a West End night spot entertainment. Pace, glamour, skill, décor are all in abundance. The girls in the show look so nice that any mother would be proud of them. The four male dancers demonstrate commendable enthusiasm, the production numbers are smooth, slick and, still rather important, entertaining. The whole thing slips so effortlessly from scene to scene that I was inclined to forget my rump steak and glass of wine.

Starting on 30 May Lance Percival starts two weeks in cabaret at Quaglino's. Following, on 15 June, is the exotic Miss Tsai Chin.

There are no other words for the production but good old-fashioned schmaltz, but projected with such verve that I absolutely loved it.

In the middle of all the 57s 6d a head enjoyment (30s per head for supper), I did find time to notice a group of men calling themselves "The Mac Four." As in all cabaret, they cram an awful lot of things into their appearances, a bit of this, a bit of that. But the group and especially Ronnie McLeod, impressed me as a thoroughly talented well-rehearsed collection of young men. Mr McLeod bounces all over the place, looking every inch the original bundle of nervous energy. With half an ounce of luck Mr McLeod must be on his way up.

After all the bustle of the Pigalle show, there is a pause, which gives you time to appreciate the air conditioning and the décor of the place. I'm no great lover of black paint – it seems too effective for me – but the Pigalle carries its gallonage quite well.

Then, from the black paint around the stage, emerges Miss Tonia Bern, in trouser suit of black, with transparent black sleeves. Miss Bern is an old hand in the cabaret world, a fact which she demonstrates by her excellent stage technique. But while her movements are perfect and her charm considerable, her voice doesn't match such an expert delivery. And that is a pity.

john viner

FIRST FIVE: 1 Scotch of St James's. 2 Annie's Room. 3 Dolly's. 4 Annabel's. 5 Pair of Shoes.

It's a happy time for Liza Minnelli, currently appearing at the Talk of the Town, after having done night-club work for only eight months. Liza, 20-year-old daughter of Judy Garland, introduced her club act at the Shoreham Hotel, Washington, in September. The results: rave notices and a standing ovation.

GAMING

BLENHEIM, 4 Blenheim Street, W1 (HYD 2071). Midday-3 pm; 5.30 pm onwards. Bar closes at 11 pm. Membership compulsory 1 guinea. Mainly poker and a little blackjack, one table. Limits 2s 6d till midnight and 5s afterwards. Sandwich machine

FIVE HUNDRED SPORTING CLUB, 42 Albemarle Street, W1 (HYD 0287). Open 24 hours. Membeship 1 guinea. Restaurant for inexpensive meals. Licensed till midnight. Luxurious intimate atmosphere. French roulette, blackjack, chemin de fer, poker. Stakes vary from 2s 6d to £50

PAIR OF SHOES, 21 Hertford Street, W1 (HYD 1801). Open 7.30 pm for dinner and gaming at 10 pm. Membership 10 guineas. Exclusive clientele. Special facilities for overseas visitors. London's original craps game. Blackjack and roulette. Bar and restaurant facilities for members only

PALM BEACH CLUB, 30 Berkeley Street, W1 (HYD 6585). Opens 6.30 pm till dawn. Membership £1. Baccarat, chemin de fer, blackjack, roulette, dice, American roulette. Stakes vary, 5s upwards. Luxurious restaurant and bar adjoining gaming room. Three-course dinner 25s, four-course dinner 35s

RIVER CLUB CASINO, 129 Grosvenor Road, SW1 (VIC 1621). Bar opens 5.30 pm, closes about 12.30 am. Gambling can start at 5.30 but warms up about 11. Last dinner served 1 am. Membership for club and restaurant 8 guineas a year, 5 guineas for out-of-town residents, 2 guineas for temporary membership. Blackjack, roulette, American roulette, craps and chemin de fer

ROOM AT THE TOP, High Roac Ilford, Essex (ILF 5588). 3 pm t close of play. Membership guinea a year. Joint membershi 30s a year. Members' car park private lift. Roulette, chemin d fer, baccarat, blackjack, America dice. Private card room. Stake vary from 2s to £100. Full licensed. Restaurant. Dinner 3(or excellent *à la carte*. Membei ship of Sporting Club, Knights bridge, automatically confei membership of Room at the To

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

CELEBRITY, 17 New Bond Stree W1 (HYD 7636) Dancing 10 pm 4 am. No membership fees, n cover charge. In Lounge no min mum charge. In Show Room £1 10s minimum a head plus 12½ per cer service charge (the £1 10s to b spent on food and/or drink *Entertainment:* Racing on film Vive les Girls revue and cabare 11.15 and 1.15. Currently: Brian Freeman, Ivor Meggido Dancer Freddie Stafford Orchestra. Unti 21 May: Paula Watson. From 2 May: Lennie Peters

DANNY LA RUE'S, 17 Hanover Square, W1 (GRO 4203/5), 10.30 pm to 4 am. Annual membership 2 guineas. Entrance fee £1. *A la carte* menu about 35s a head plus wine. Licensed till 3 am. *Entertainment:* Dancing to 2 groups and Danny La Rue & Company in Revue at 1.15 am

EDMUNDO ROS, 177 Regent Street, W1 (REG 7675 and 2640). 9.30-3.30. Cabaret at 1 am. Annual membership 1 guinea. Cover charge 30s a head. Full *à la carte* menu about £2 a head plus wine. *Entertainment:* The full Edmundo

Ros orchestra. Truxa, magic mind reading act

LE PRINCE, 14-16 Bruton Place, W1 (MAY 6354). Bar Lounge 6.30 pm-3.30 am. Restaurant 8 pm-4 am. Closed Sun. Floor Show at midnight. Membership 5 guineas a year. *A la carte* dinner 45s a head. Wines extra. Large menu and wine list. Very luxurious. *Entertainment:* Dancing to Grisha Farfel, his trumpet and orchestra and to Lord Kitchener and his Calypso Band until 4 am. Floor Show: 25 artistes in "Swinging Satellites of 1966"

71 CLUB, 71 Compayne Gardens, NW6 (MAI 6849). 7.30 pm-2 am. Membership 2 guineas a year. Entrance fee 10s. Snacks cost up to £1 (no sandwiches). Drinks: Spirits 3s 6d single. Champagne from £4 10s upwards. Wines from £1. *Entertainment:* latest with-it style clothes are modelled twice nightly. Dancing to resident trio and discs. Occasional groups and lead singers. Every so often a cabaret. Gaming, from 8 pm till gaming ends. Roulette, chemin de fer, blackjack, backgammon, craps, poker. Stakes from 2s 6d. Licensed till 1 am

THE SOCIETY, 40 Jermyn Street, SW1 (REG 0565). Zodiac Bar open 5.30 pm. Restaurant open 7.30 pm-3.30 am. Cabaret at midnight. Evening for two with wine about £5 10s. Service 10 per cent. Gypsy violinist Tonia Bern, with cabaret, dancing

TALK OF THE TOWN, Theatre Restaurant, Hippodrome Corner, Leicester Square, WC2 (REG 5051). Cocktail Lounge open 7.30 pm. Theatre-Restaurant from 8.15 pm-1.15 am. No membership fee. Inclusive charge for three-course dinner, dancing and show 57s 6d. Extras: coffee, drinks and tips. South African hock £1 0s 6d. All else from 27s. Whisky 6s 6d a large measure. *Entertainment:* Spectacular Revue "Dangerous Curves." 9.30 pm, international cabaret star 11 pm. Currently: Lisa Minnelli

DISCOTHEQUES

CHALET SUISSE, 74 Charlotte Street, W1 (MUS 0036 and LAN 3626). 8 pm to 2 am including Sunday. Membership 1 guinea. Ladies 10s. Entrance fee from 5s weekdays to 10s weekends. Swiss cuisine. Dinner approximately £1 a head. Spirits 3s. Beer 2s 6d. *Entertainment:* currently, Eddie Dusham. Dancing to Do Re Mi Trio with Gwen Dolen. Blackjack, roulette, Pferdestall (downstairs), discothèque dancing

CLUB CONCORDE, 37/39 Oxford Street, W1 (GER 7945). 7.30 pm to midnight every night except Monday. Annual membership: 10s gentlemen, 5s ladies. Entrance fee from 3s 6d to 8s 6d. No food, popular prices. *Entertainment:* discothèque dancing, roulette

DOLLY'S, 57 Jermyn Street, SW1 (GRO 5927). 10.30 pm-4 am. Closed Sunday. Annual membership 5 guineas. No entrance fee. Cover charge 25s, includes first drink. Whisky, sold by miniature, 12s. Wines 36s. Steaks, salads and Danish specialities 12s 6d. Special breakfast from 3 am

DIE FLEDERMAUS, 7 Carlisle Street, W1 (REG 5741). 8 pm-3 am every night. Membership: £1 a year men, 10s girls. Entrance fee: men 7s 6d, girls, Mon to Thurs free, Fri to Sun 7s 6d. Specialises in Scandinavian and German clientele. Party night, Tuesday all drinks 1s 6d. Dancing to discs and trio

EARL'S CAVE, 97 Earls Court Road, W8 (FRO 1999). 8 pm-1 am. Closed Mon. Membership 21s men, 10s ladies per year. Entrance: weekend, guests 7s 6d men, 6s ladies. Members 5s men, 4s ladies. Less during the week. Licensed till midnight. Light snacks served. Drinks: Scotch 2s 6d. Tue: Free wine between 8 and 9 pm. Wed: Drinks at half-price till 10 pm. *Entertainment:* Boule, 2s 6d min, £1 max. Blackjack, 5s min, £5 max. Discothèque dancing

FANNY'S BISTRO, 51 Maddox Street, W1 (MAY 6214). 7.30 pm till 3 am. Non-membership cover charge 2s 6d. Minimum charge 1 guinea which can include light supper dish and 4 drinks. Full *à la carte* dinner menu. Drinks at pub prices

DINNER & DANCE

ANNABEL'S, 44 Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 3558). 6.30 pm for drinks till late. Food from 7.45 pm. Annual membership 12 guineas; temporary or under-25 membership 5 guineas. Dinner, dancing, about £6-£7 a head. Whisky 10s 6d double. Discothèque, late dining club

BLAISE'S, 121 Queen's Gate, SW7 (KEN 6228). (Restaurant reservations: KEN 9971). Opens 9 pm-2.30 am. Membership 2 guineas. Mon-Thurs entrance free to members until 11 pm. Fri 10s. Sat 10s 6d girls; 12s 6d men. All alcoholic drinks 3s. Food, *à la carte* about £1 per head. Discs, a different live group every night: Roulette 2s 6d min. Blackjack 5s. Chauffeuse available to drive well-known members home

DORCHESTER, Park Lane, W1 (MAY 8888). The Terrace Room 12.30 pm-3 pm; 8.30 pm-1.30 am. Closed Sun. *A la carte* only £4-£5 including wine. Whisky from 3s 9d. Service charge 12½ per cent. Cover charge 2s 6d. *Entertainment:* New Dorchester Music with Albert Marland from 8.30 pm-1.30 am. Licence to 1.30 am. The Grill Room: Midday-3 pm: 6.30 pm-midnight. Whisky from 3s 9d. Service charge 10 per cent. Cover charge 2s 6d. Licence to midnight

FOUR HUNDRED, 28 Leicester Square, WC2 (WHI 1813). 7 pm till 4 am. Annual membership 10 guineas. Dinner (served till 1 am) approx 47s 6d per head plus wine. Drinks 10s double. *Entertainment:* Dancing to currently The Message

LA PALOMA, 103 Westbourne Grove, W2 (BAY 1910). 8 pm till midnight. Closed Mon. Membership 1 guinea men, 10s ladies. Entrance fee from 3s 6d weekdays to 8s 6d weekends. Entrance free for ladies Tues night. Small menu: Dinner approx 15s a head plus wine. Drinks at pub prices. *Entertainment:* Discothèque. Occasional cabaret. Blackjack, roulette 2s 6d to £5. Supper licence till midnight

ROOF RESTAURANT, Hilton Hotel, Park Lane, W1 (HYD 8000). Roof bar: Mon-Sat 11 am to 3 pm, 5.30 pm to 11 pm. Sun noon to 2 pm, 7 pm to 10.30 pm. Restaurant: 12.30-3 pm; 7 pm-1 am. Closed Sunday. Only *à la carte* £3 to £4 a head with wine. Whisky 6s. Cover charge 12s 6d. Service charge 12½ per cent. French cuisine. *Entertainment:* Dancing in the evenings only to Judd Solo and his band. Décor by Sir Hugh Casson. The restaurant has a magnificent view over London.

LECTURES

BRITISH MUSEUM, Bloomsbury, WC1 (MUS 1555). Th 19 May: Medieval Society in medieval antiquities. 3.0
F 20 May: Some maps and their makers. 11.30. The Hebrews in History. 3.0
T 24 May: New Guinea – the British Expedition 1963-4. 11.30
W 25 May: Bewick and English country life (illustrated). 3.0

FIFTY-NINE SOCIETY OF KENSINGTON, Central Library, Camden Hill Road, W8. Th 19 May: Does Group Therapy Work? Dr Seaborne Jones. 8.0

INSTITUTE OF ARCHAEOLOGY, 31-34 Gordon Square, WC1 (EUS 6052). T 24 May: New Evidence on Urartu from the Excavations at Kayalidere, C A Burney. 5.45

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, Cromwell Road, SW7 (KEN 6323).
F 20 May: The London Zoo. 3.0
Sat 21 May: Snakes. 3.0
M 23 May: Whales. 3.0
T 24 May: Jellyfish. 3.0

SCIENCE MUSEUM, Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6371). Sat 21 May: The Story of the Gramophone, John van Riemsdijk. 3.0
T 24 May: Meteorology, Victor Wall. 3.0

TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1 (TAT 4444). Th 19 May: Modern British Paintings, Laurence Bradbury. 3.0
Sat 21 May: Augustus John and The Englishness of English Art, Evelyn Meetham. 3.0
T 24 May: Early English Watercolours, Evelyn Meetham. 3.0

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, Bloomsbury, WC1. Th 19 May: Delinquency, social support and control systems, Hugh J Klare. London School of Economics. 5.0. Truth and Proof, Prof Tarski. Bedford College. 5.30
M 23 May: The Riemann-Roch question in various guises, Prof Bott. University College. 5.0

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6371). Sat 21 May: The Raphael Cartoons, Madeleine Mainstone. 3.0. The Arts of the Ch'ing Dynasty, Margaret Medley. 3.0

WALLACE COLLECTION, Manchester Square, W1 (WEL 0687). F 20 May: Canaletto, R Rendel. 2.30
W 25 May: Ormolu, Y Crowe. 1.0

EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL GARDEN HOTEL, Kensington High Street, W8 (WES 8000). 21-27 May: International Congress of the Precast Concrete Industry and Exhibition. Daily 9.0-7.0, Sun: 10.0-5.0

ROYAL HOSPITAL, Chelsea, SW3 (SLO 0161). 24-27 May: Chelsea Flower Show. T, W, Th 8.30-8.0, F 8.30-5.0

DESIGN CENTRE, 28 Haymarket, SW1 (TRA 8000). Until 30 May: Equipment for Sport and Leisure. An exhibition demonstrating how improved design in equipment leads to improved performance. Daily 9.30-5.30, W & Th 9.30-9.0

79 RANDOLPH AVENUE, Maida Vale, W9. Until 30 May: Exhibition of Stage and Costume Design. Mainly ballet, and including Romeo & Juliet, Raymonda and Cinderella. Staged by Peter Wright and David Hepburn. Daily 10.0-8.0 inc Sun

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GOOD DRINKING

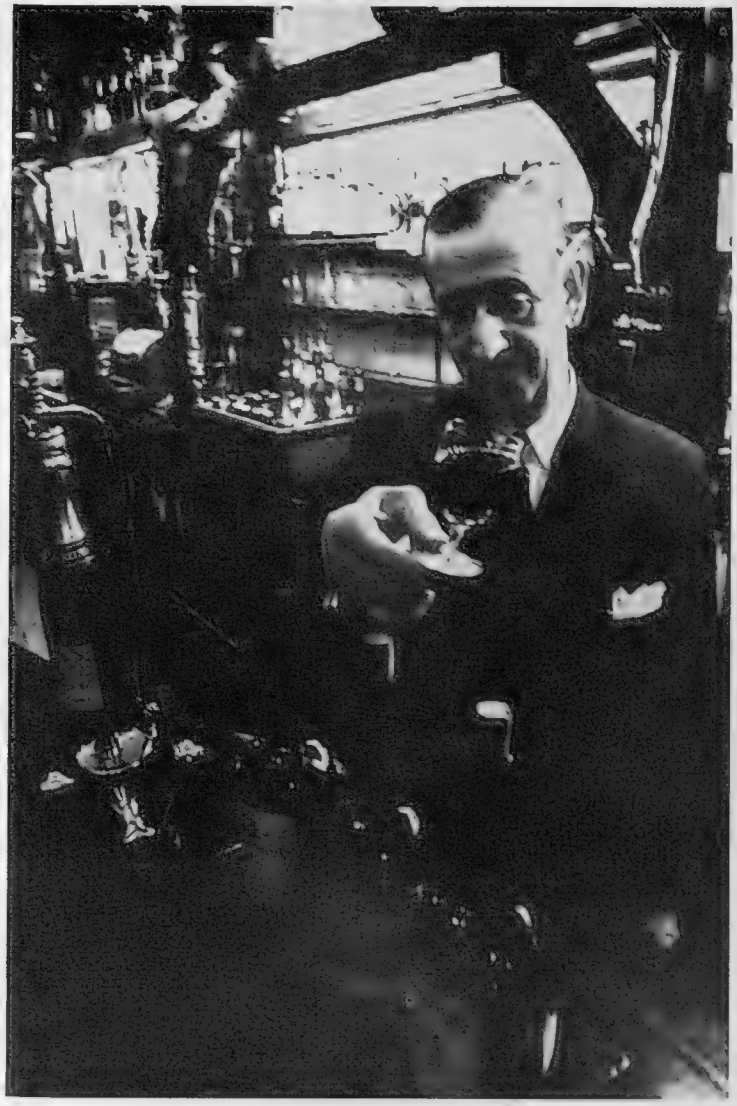
Not many things fulfil the promise of their nose these days. But for me a fresh strawberry from a particular farm in Essex will still do it and I have memories too from early childhood of a specially lurid form of pear-drop that did the same thing though it was very much an acquired taste. Certainly the fragrance of immemorial summers in Barsac can still be savoured in the Lafaurie-Peyraguey of 1921 but for the most part in modern life things just don't taste the way they smell, or even the way they should. Encouraging then to report on an apricot brandy I tasted this week that not only retains the aroma and the colour but also the very flavour of the fruit.

This brandy, from the Delftshaven, Rotterdam distillery of J H Henkes, is a liqueur to taste with the teeth, almost to chew, and the effect is to bite into the firm flesh of a veritable apricot. I can't claim a recent discovery, I first tasted the brandy six years ago and a good many others had done so long before that, but I do feel I could have made more noise about it at the time. The point is, I think, that while most people in this country know of liqueurs they know very little about them. The trade in London and other big centres is reasonably large but it is fragmented among a few well-known names and governed also I suspect by the ability of the casual buyer to pronounce them. We are all nervous about these things.

For the rest we are in the hands of the wine waiter who will recite those hardy familiars that stand at the top of the list because they are most in demand. It is a fact though that the great wine cellars of London contain more of curiosity than the social drinker dreams, more I sometimes fancy than even the vintner knows. So keep on at the wine waiter. You'll find he'll get interested too because every specialist warms to a lay interest in his subject.

Meantime it's easy enough to enlarge your knowledge of apricots at 48s 6d the bottle shipped in this country by Percy Fox & Co Ltd, of Whitechapel High Street, who also import J H Henkes' Cherry Brandy retailing at the same price. And while you are about it you might just as well go really Dutch and take home a bottle of Henkes' Hollands' Geneva gin, 69 per cent. proof, at 52s. It's the kind of spirit that brought de Ruyter's Dutchmen surging up the Medway to fire three British men-of-war at anchor in the disgraceful fashion that the Admiralty doesn't make jokes about even now.

john salt



Mr E G Hoiles, proprietor of the Silver Cross, behind the bar of his 700 year old public house.

OLD WINE SHADES, 6 Martin Lane, EC4, MAN 6876. The oldest wine house in the City of London. Situated off Cannon Street, it survived the Great Fire and the blitz. Built in 1663 as a "drinking hostelry," it has atmosphere and mellow charm, and a range of close on 100 wines. You can also buy spirits and bottled beer, and there is an excellent sandwich service. Opening times: 11.30 am to 3 pm, 5-8 pm; Saturday, 11.30-3 pm, closed Sunday

EL VINO, 47 Fleet Street, EC4, FLE 6786. Owned by El Vino Co Ltd, as is Old Wine Shades, the hours are the same, and the service equally impeccable. Principally frequented by Fleet Street executives, the legal profession and sporting personalities. Women are not permitted to stand at the bar. They must use the tables in the back section, or the two tables just inside the door

SILVER CROSS, 33 Whitehall, SW1, WHI 8350. Small and old, with a fascinating history. It is one of the handful of pubs licensed by Buckingham Palace. Originally built in 1253, it became a gaming house in 1634. Licensed as a hostelry in 1674. Now used by discriminating passers-by, with a regular trade of men from the Ministries and chair-borne staff officers who reminisce on the war

SHORT'S, 142 Strand, WC2, TEM 0156. If it weren't for the ghastly little neon sign, you'd never know this was the oldest wine house in London. The façade resembles the outside of a smart off-licence, with chi-chi windows well-stocked with bottles of spirits. And inside, there is a touch of the American bar about the place, despite the attractive array of wine bottles. Service is excellent, and the restaurant offers very acceptable grills, roasts and cold dishes. But it's a pity about the absence of things olde worlde

HENEKEY'S LONG BAR, 22-23 High Holborn, WC1, CHA 7403. Cool atmosphere, with huge casks towering up to the gallery running under the roof. Unfortunately, the bar atmosphere seems to be reflected in the attitude of the customers. In the space of a half-hour, I saw only two smiles, both from women serving. The drinkers struck me as peculiarly serious – possibly they are harassed civil servants from the local, monolithic ministry blocks.

SHIRREFFS, 15 Great Castle Street, W1, LAN 2125. Sherry from the wood, and fine food at reasonable prices, are the two prime assets here. Invaluable place to use if wearied from trekking round West End stores. But go early and beat the rush

BALLET

Nadia Nerina's Princess Aurora in *The Sleeping Beauty* is a sparkling jewel at its best, but in her recent performance at Covent Garden something was definitely amiss. This may well have been due to Christopher Gable's unsure partnering after returning to the stage after a prolonged illness. Each of those three "fish-dives" only just came off, and her supported *pirouettes* again seemed ill-timed (Gable's fault this time. But in her own variations Nerina was at times exceedingly stunning (she has a real knack for seemingly prolonging her *elevation* in *jetés en attitude*) and her exciting, lightning spins and *sissones en avant* indicated the radiant virtuosity she can bring to her dancing on certain occasions.

Svetlana Beriosova's last *Swan Lake* (30 April), particularly her Black Act, was a performance which, for sheer control, timing and dynamic bravura dancing I shall always remember. Her *Sleeping Beauty*, however, with Donald MacLeary, was a different story. She was for the most time far from controlled or sure of herself, and nowhere more noticeable than in the Rose Adagio.

What this performance did bring into prominence, though, were two young dancers making their respective débuts in the famous Blue Birds *pas de deux*: Jennifer Penney and Michael Coleman. From the start it was obvious that both Penney and Coleman are ideally suited to one another and to the number they were dancing. This was a big moment in their careers and they very sensibly "felt their way" cautiously rather than aiming too ambitiously for an all-out virtuoso-stunner that probably wouldn't have "come off," anyway.

Earlier in the programme (as the Fairy of the Crystal Fountain), and also the previous evening, Miss Penney had shown something of her rather unique style of dancing (it's in the way she moves and in the way she gives "finish" and predetermined emphasis to the simplest gesture); but now in the Blue Birds she extended her list of virtues. Let it be said, though, she is as yet far from perfect. But those imperfections that *were* apparent were merely due to dancing a difficult part for the first time . . . and first-night nerves. And every dancer has experienced that.

ian woodward

DISCS

FIRST FIVE: 1 Trini, Trini Lopez (Reprise. R 6196). 2 Confessin' The Blues, B B King (HMV. CLP 3514). 3 The Rural Blues, Various Artists, two discs (Xtra. 1035). 4 Birth of the Cool, Miles Davis (Capitol. T 1974). 5 Hang on Ramsey, Ramsey Lewis Trio (Chess. CRL 4520).

One of the most sleep-destroying jobs in the life of a top pop group manager is the problem of how to find a movie plot to suit them. Even today, with their popularity slightly on the decline, the market is still wide open for a bright ideas man who comes up with the right film outline to suit four or five guitar-strumming young men.

But first let's detail the snags. The plot has to be simple enough to suit young men who are totally inexperienced at acting – and not all of them will be natural actors (John and Ringo are, Paul and George aren't). It's got to scatter the interest, the funny lines, and the scenes, more or less equally around each of them. And it's got to get away from the formula of four young men who started with nothing and found riches weren't everything.

In fact, the comparative success of *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!* has made the job more difficult. It would now be a retrograde step to have a group play themselves – whatever you think of, Dick Lester will have done it first. But

The Marquee, established as the jazz club with the best record for spotting potential hit groups, is putting its money on The Move (13 May) and The Sands (27 May).

what else can they play? Gangsters? Cowboys? Crooks? The chances are, they just won't be good enough.

The result is that, even with an unlimited budget available, the Beatles are extremely unlikely to make a film this year. Ideas have been solicited from just about every possible writer – with not a single idea yet being workable. The Rolling Stones have an even harder problem. Any film they make will be their first, and will inevitably be judged against the standard set by the Beatles.

Their inclination is towards a film that is cinematically and visually interesting (Fellini is their idol) and which uses them as puppets within this framework. But two snags arise immediately: what writer and what director is prepared to give equal billing to five unequal personalities?

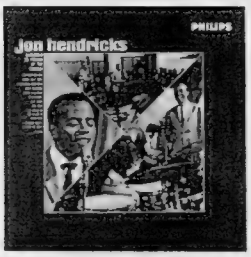
Perhaps the best prospects are in those singers who lead a group, rather than being just a part of a group. Peter Noone – Herman, of Herman's Hermits – is an ex-*Coronation Street* actor, and is about to sign a three-film contract with MGM in which he will be unquestionably the star. Dave Clark, in an autumn film, will be the boss of a gang of friendly villains.

leonard levesley

RECORD REVIEW BY DAVE CASH

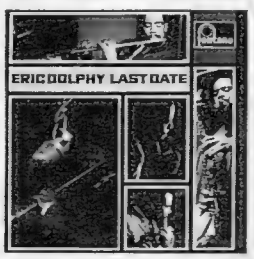
Twenty-three-year-old Dave Cash started as a DJ in Los Angeles where he learnt to work in front of a live audience and read commercials (except when he failed to contain his laughter!) He came to England, and began working aboard Radio London, after touring all over the country guesting on different stations for six weeks. He has been doing The Breakfast Show for approximately one year, as well as The Petticoat Club on Saturdays which is recorded live and features guests from the pop world. Now he is leaving Radio London and will be heard shortly on Radio Luxembourg and the BBC. This is one top DJ with lots of success coming his way.

Wives And Lovers. Jack Jones (London. HA-R 8167)
Wives and Lovers. Toys in the Attic. Song about Love. I'm moody. Angel eyes. Fly me to the moon. Charade. I wish you knew. Summertime promises. I see your face before me. Come rain or come shine
Jack's first link-up with Roger Williams and a very successful combination it's turned out to be. My number one nomination for the smooch record of the month. The arrangement of Fly me to the moon, *for example, is dreamy*



Jon Hendricks Recorded In Person at The Trident (Philips. BL 7682)
This could be the start of something. Watermelon man. Old folks. Gimme that wine. One rose. Cloudburst. Shiny silk stockings. Yeah! Yeah! I wonder what's become of Sally? Stockholm sweetenin'. Jon's mumbles
Jon really "tells it like it is." An extremely exciting live performance. Jon's on his own and sounding really great. Interesting to hear Georgie Fame's hit Yeah! Yeah! *done by the composer*

Daydream. The Lovin' Spoonful (Pye. NLP 28078)
Daydream. There she is. It's not time now. Warm baby. Day blues. Let the boy rock and roll. Jug band music. Didn't want to have to do it. You didn't have to be so nice. Bald-headed Lena. Butchie's tune. Big noise from Speonk
A really different record to listen to; it's kind of a refreshing sound altogether. There are some great compositions by the Lovin' Spoonful themselves such as their hit Daydream *and many others – all enjoyable*



Last Date. Eric Dolphy (Fontana. TL 5284)
Epistrophy. South Street exit. The madrig speaks, the panther walks. Hypochristmutreefuzz. You don't know what love is. Miss Ann
A truly beautiful album by that great jazz soloist Eric Dolphy, this is such a creative album and so very moving. Misja Mengelberg's piano is amazing. The feeling is well put by Dolphy himself when he says "When you hear music, after it's over, it's gone in the air. You can never capture it again"

We Dig Mancini. The Anita Kerr Quartet (RCA. RD 7746)
Baby elephant walk. Charade. Mr Lucky. Peter Gunn theme. Days of wine and roses. Dreamsville. How soon? The Pink Panther theme. Dear heart. Too little time. Moon river. The sweetheart tree
This album is beautiful background music, but to appreciate it fully, you must listen very hard. Anita's arrangements on Baby elephant walk *and* Pink Panther theme *are really out of this world*

Sweet Things. Georgie Fame (EMI. SX 6043)
Sweet thing. See-saw. Ride your pony. Funny how time slips away. Sitting in the park. Dr Kitch. My girl. Music talk. The in-crowd. The world is round. The whole world's shaking. Last night
There just is nothing like that Yeah! Yeah! *sound. I think this is a terrific album. Georgie's versatile and makes for some real cool listening. I only wish there were a quartet "Lambert, Hendricks, Ross and Fame"*

Olé à la Lee! Peggy Lee (EMI. T 1475)
Come dance with me. By myself. You're so right for me. Just squeeze me. Fantastico. Love and marriage. Non dimenticar. From now on. You stepped out of a dream. Olé. I can't resist you
Another great album of Peggy Lee's sensational Latin-style singing – her voice is like silk! With Joe Hartnell's Latin group as backing, they present old favourites, film themes and Broadway hits. Very pleasant listening

The Summit. Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jnr, Bing Crosby (Reprise. 5031)
Style. We open in Venice. Guys and dolls. Sam's song. The one I love belongs to somebody else. Fugue for tinhorns. Me and my shadow. The summit. The oldest-established. Go tell it on the mountain. River stay 'way from my door. Don't be a do-badder. Mister Booze
Really sharp lyrics, lots of melody and comedy. The arrangements really swing

TELEVISION

FIRST FIVE: 1 Captain Horatio Hornblower, RN, film (BBC-1, Sun, 9.25 pm). 2 The Danny Kaye Show (BBC-2, Mon, 9.5 pm). 3 Inherit The Wind, film (ITV, Mon. 9.40 pm). 4 Millicent Martin Show (ITV, Wed, 9.10 pm). 5 European Teach-In (BBC-2, Thurs, 9.30 pm).

Gerald Savory, new head of plays for BBC television, is chasing stars with all the polite fervour of a public-school boy seeking autographs at a première.

He needs, naturally, more than charm – since television has less to offer, in the way of fees and prestige, than its rivals. Savory, former stock-broker's clerk, one-time professional actor, and, latterly, television writer, director, and executive, believes that he does have more to offer.

Certainly, as head of serials, he captured Kenneth More for the *Lord Raingo* classic serial, and George Hamilton for the Hemingway project, *Farewell to Arms*. Now More will be in *The Forsyte Saga* as well, and Hamilton is expected to return.

Savory's biggest court card is the ability to offer interesting parts and extraordinary plays. The cinema, he points out, has tended to concentrate on epics. Many a film star frets about being type-cast. A number of stage actors sneer at television without realising the strides it has taken in freedom of themes and sheer technical skill.

ATV has a scoop in getting the first full interview with evangelist Billy Graham, in its "About Religion" series on 29 May, before his latest British "crusade."

"All one can do is wait and hope," he smiles. But, in fact, he is doing a little more than that. He is busy writing letters and offering scripts, and the possibility is that his dedication and enthusiasm, like the Chinese water torture, will soon wear down his targets.

Dirk Bogarde is one of the people getting letters from the BBC drama department. So is Michael Caine. Vivien Leigh is being approached. She would be a great capture, since she has done no television since a not-too-happy ITV version of *The Skin Of Our Teeth*.

At one time, television men regarded Hollywood actors as well out of range, to be used for interviews and the occasional profile programme. Today, Rod Steiger is doing BBC radio as well as television, Tony Bill has a season ticket for the Television Centre, and there is even talk of luring Sophia Loren into the studios.

The trend can do no harm to the people who pay the licence fee. But, while nobody denies that the star system embraces a number of highly talented actors, there is no doubt that viewers are likely to switch on for the name, rather than the calibre of its bearer.

peter magnus

Lynn Redgrave plays the title role in ABC-TV's "Pretty Polly," adapted from a Noel Coward story. Zia Mohyeddin plays the courier who brings about a Cinderella transformation in her. Transmission is planned for 23 July.

WEEKEND VIEWING

SATURDAY 21 MAY

Grandstand: Racing from Newbury, Rugby League Challenge Cup Final, St Helens and Wigan, golf at Long Ashton Golf Club at Bristol – Martini International Club tournament. BBC-1

Evening Western: *The Vanquished* starring John Payne, Jan Sterling, Lyle Bettger and directed by Lewis R Foster. The story is set after the American Civil War. **Not Only . . . But Also** is to be repeated. The seven-week series that was seen on BBC-2 will be shown on BBC-1

The Troubleshooters. Regular cast of Robert Hardy, Geoffrey Keen, Philippa Gail and Philip Latham star in *If You Can't Lick 'em*. Guest star Edward Judd. Stewart and Jane are sent to Roumania – to buy a man from Mogul. BBC-1

Last in the series of four called Club Night at the Offerton Palace Theatre Club introduced by Johnny Hackett. BBC-1

Afternoon film is an Indian film based on a theme of poet Rabindranath Tagore, whose granddaughter Sharmila Tagore plays the title role in *The Goddess*. It tells the story of how a young wife is persuaded by her father-in-law that she is the incarnation of the goddess Kali. BBC-2

Travelling for a Living is a film profile on the life and work of the Watersons – four young singers of British traditional folk music – travelling around the country singing in folk clubs. The film also describes their Hull backgrounds. BBC-2

World of Sport: Grand Prix view of 1966 season – top cars and drivers are seen in a preview of the following day's racing; racing from Thirsk; cricket – Gillette Cup: Middlesex v Lancashire; athletics – British Universities' Sports Federation championships at Birmingham – top University stars in action. ITV, 1.5

Evening Western: *Across the Wide Missouri* with Clark Gable, Ricardo Montalban and J Carroll Naish. ITV, 7.10

Frankie Vaughan Show stars The Seekers and comedian Joe Baker. ITV, 8.25

Knock on Any Door. Robert Lang, Penny Brahms and Karin Fernald (daughter of the principal of RADA) star in *The Diary of Mr Casson*, a straight, conventional play. ITV, 10.15

SUNDAY 22 MAY

Film Matinée. *His Butler's Sister.* Stars Deanna Durbin (famous singing star of the 30s and 40s), with Franchot Tone and Pat O'Brien. Made in 1943. BBC-1

Evening film: *Josephine and Men* with Glynis Johns, Jack Buchanan, Peter Finch, Donald Sinden. Made in 1955 by the Boulting Brothers. Screenplay by Nigel Balchin. An amusing story of a young woman who has a weakness for the weakness in men. It was one of the last film appearances by Jack Buchanan. BBC-1

Guest Stars on the *Black and White Minstrel Show* are the Barron Knights. BBC-1

Shaw and Women is the title of the *Sunday Night* programme and tells the story of Shaw's relationships with a number of women in the 1880s and 90s; of his marriage to Charlotte Payne-Townshend and his platonic affairs with Ellen Terry, Mrs. Patrick Campbell and others. Written and produced by Don Taylor. Barbara Murray and Derek Godfrey head the cast in the excerpts and read Shaw's letters and prose works. BBC-1

Cricket: The International Cavaliers XI play Oxford University (past and present) from Balliol College Ground, Oxford. BBC-2

The start of a new evening thriller serial in four episodes called Death is a Good Living starring Leonard Rossiter, Don Borisenko, Geoffrey Toone, Michael Godfrey and Dallia Penn. Written by Brian Degas and Tudor Gates. Directed by Gerald Blake, produced by Alan Bromly. The story is about a professional assassin, Norman Lynch (played by Leonard Rossiter), who never bungles. He is allowed to retire on the condition that he accepts one last assignment from his employer, during which he will train his successor. BBC-

Theatre 625. Last in the trilogy called *Parade's End* by Ford Madox Ford, with Judi Dench and Ronald Hines. BBC-2

Footprints: a new series that goes back over famous characters of the past. This week producer Richard Taylor takes Mary Queen of Scots in a film called *Queen of Wonderful Tragedies*, narrated by Iain Cuthbertson. Commentary by Dr H E Porter. BBC-2

Thank Your Lucky Stars. Stars appearing are The Dave Clark Five, Marty Wilde, Lonnie Donegan, Kim Cordell, Ken Kirkham, Johnny Hackett and Twice as Much. ITV, 3.30

Afternoon film: *The Irish In Us*, the story of a New York Irish family and their hilarious adventures in the fight and the love game. Stars James Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Olivia de Havilland. ITV, 4.05

A Date With Music, Steve Race introduces music by Benjamin Britten and John Gardner together with the New English Singers. ITV, 6.35

Tarbuck at the Prince of Wales. Guest stars Woody Allen and Janie Marden. ITV, 8.25

Evening film: *Conspiracy of Hearts* stars Lilli Palmer, Sylvia Syms, Yvonne Mitchell and Ronald Lewis. A tense and moving war story about a group of nuns in Northern Italy. ITV, 9.25

SPORT

As England's team manager Alfred Ramsey commutes daily between his Ipswich, Suffolk, home and his Lancaster Gate, London, office, he reads one morning paper, two evening papers and spends the rest of the time "thinking about players."

These are the players he reckons will win England the World Cup this summer. He is a very careful man. He won't even say which morning paper he takes. And in one magazine this month he is the only manager of a World Cup team who does not name his ideal team. This is all part of the Ramsey psychological approach to soccer. The Brazilians have had one doctor for each player in pre-training tests. Ramsey says English players would not put up with that. Their mentality is too high. His team will spend a record of five weeks together before they kick off on July 11. Mr Ramsey will take them up to Lilleshall from June 6-17. They will break for a weekend at home before reporting on June 20 ready to fly to Scandinavia and Poland where they will play matches until returning home on July 5. They will spend two more days at home before reporting to their hide-away hotel in the suburbs of North London in readiness for the World Cup itself. Once the World Cup is on they will also watch other games on television.

England's manager puts on a track-suit, and trains with the players. It will also be him alone who has to tell many of the final squad of 40 that they will not be playing. During the end-of-season planning he has not received the full co-operation of all the league clubs. Some London clubs have even refused England permission to train on their grounds. Ramsey takes all this placidly. He says: "You must accept the fact that a manager has a duty by his club."

Ramsey contends that, when you put a Welsh shirt on a Welsh footballer, he "grows 10 feet tall." It's a psychological factor that has not always been associated with those wearing England shirts. The crowds in England, too, have been strangely aloof. Yet there are signs of change. "You won't alter the nature of the English people," says Ramsey. "But I'm hoping our team will become as one with the crowd. It will take a good team to beat England in England. I imply a great team. Football needs a shot in the arm in this country. A victory for England in the World Cup would do just that." And, when and if it happens, Ramsey will be there. Watching, as ever, silently, from . . . the Royal Box.

michael wale

Not another Independence Day celebration, but a section of the crowd watching the West Indies at the Oval when they beat England in 1963. The photo comes from "The Changing Face of Cricket" by Learie Constantine and Denzil Batchelor (Eyre & Spottiswoode 30s), a lively book that I readily recommend.

CRICKET
Glamorgan v Warwickshire. Lords. Sat and Mon; Tues if necessary. 11 am-7.30 pm. (Bakerloo Line to St John's Wood. Buses: 2, 2a, 13, 59a, 74, 74a, 74b, 113, 159, 187). Second Round Gillette Knock-out Cup. This competition has brought attack back into cricket. Far better entertainment than a county match
Middlesex v Leicestershire. Lords. Wed, Thurs 11.30 am each day
Surrey v Northamptonshire. The Oval. Wed, Thurs 11.30 am each day. (Northern Line to Oval)

WOMEN'S CRICKET
Middlesex v New Zealand. Sat 11.30 am-6.30 pm. Headstone Manor, North Harrow. (Metropolitan Line to North Harrow.) First chance to see touring side in London

FLAT RACING
Newbury. Fri, Sat 2 pm. (Special trains from Paddington. Ring AMB 6767. One hour's journey. By road take M4 then A4 out of London)
Windsor. Mon 2 pm. (Metropolitan and Piccadilly Lines to Uxbridge, then local bus shuttle service to course. Green Line coaches 704, 705, 718, 725. By road M4 from London motorway spur to course entrance.) Racing in pleasant riverside surrounds
Epsom. Tues, Wed, Thurs 2 pm each day. (Trains from Waterloo and Victoria to Epsom Town. From Charing Cross and London Bridge to Tattenham Corner. From Victoria and London Bridge to Epsom Downs. Northern Line to Morden then bus to course. Motoring strongly discouraged from personal experience. Wed is Derby Day. Arrive mid-morning and enjoy the atmosphere on the Downsside. Unique world event. Back Irish trainer Vincent O'Brien's runner or runners each way

GREYHOUND RACING
Big races of the week: Wimbledon: Fri 7.45 pm. Heats of Produce Stakes. 500 yards. Wed 7.45 pm. Produce Stakes semi-finals. 500 yards. Good restaurant. Bookings. WIM 5361. (District Line to Wimbledon or from Waterloo, then special bus service to stadium)
Wembley. Mon 7.45 pm (also Fri 7.45 pm). Cops Marathon Cup. 900 yards. Good restaurant and cocktail bar. Bookings: WEM 1234. (Bakerloo Line or Metropolitan Line to Wembley Park)
Walthamstow. Tues. 7.45 pm. (Also Sat 7.45 pm.) Heats of £1,000 Grand Prix. 700 yards. Good restaurant. Bookings: LAR 2252. (Central Line to Leyton, or buses 34, 58, 144, to Crooked Billet)
At all the above tracks you can dine and watch the races from your table at the same time, with betting facilities

ROWING
Chiswick Regatta. Sat 10 am-8.30 pm. (District Line to Kew Bridge.) Ibis and Quintin Rowing Clubs will allow you to follow events from their lawns. Teams will race from just below Kew Bridge to half-way down Watney's Brewery, or the other way round according to the tide. Thames Cup Eights big race of day

SPEEDWAY
Wimbledon. Sat 7.45 pm. World Championships. Preliminaries. Watch for speedway's new whizz kid, 17-year-old Bob Paulson (Sheffield), riding against stars such as Peter Moore (King's Lynn) and Jimmy Gooch (Oxford). (District Line to Wimbledon)
Rye House. Sun 4.15 pm. Open meeting. (Trains from Liverpool Street to Rye House)
West Ham. Tues 7.45 pm. World championship. Preliminaries. Watch for last year's British champion Barry Briggs (Swindon). The Championship is a knock-out competition. Final is on June 27

ATHLETICS
Middlesex Women's County Championships. Copthall Stadium, Hendon. Sat 1.45 pm. (Northern Line to Hendon, then bus 113 to Maccabi Stadium and short walk)

STOCK CAR RACING
"Brandsmaster" Trophy. Brand's Hatch. Sun 2.30 pm. (Trains from Victoria to Swanley)

CROQUET
Hurlingham. Inter-Counties championships. Tues, Wed, Thurs 10 am each day. (Trains from Waterloo to Barnes then short walk to Hurlingham Club). Teams from Middlesex, Surrey, Devon, Eastern Counties, Sussex and Dorset show how croquet really should be played. Middlesex won last year

ICE SKATING
Empire Pool, Wembley. Fri 7.30. World and British championships. (Bakerloo and Metropolitan Lines to Wembley Park)

SWIMMING
National Recreation Centre, Crystal Palace. Sat 2.15 pm and 6.30 pm. Southern Counties championships. (Trains from Victoria and London Bridge to Crystal Palace). Good bar, parking and restaurant facilities. No dogs allowed in Centre

RUGBY LEAGUE
Rugby League Cup Final. Wembley. Sat 3 pm. Wigan v St Helens. (Metropolitan and Bakerloo Lines to Wembley Park). Some tickets may be available. Try ticket agents or ring WEM 1234

ICE HOCKEY
Wembley Lions v Fife Flyers. Empire Pool, Wembley. Sat 7.45 pm

LAWN TENNIS
Surrey championships. Surbiton. Mon and all week 2 pm each day. (Trains from Waterloo to Surbiton)

HORSE SHOW
Royal Windsor. Thurs 9.30 am. Show jumping, plus displays. (Same travel arrangements as for Windsor races)

BOXING
World Heavyweight championship. Cassius Clay v Henry Cooper. Highbury Stadium. Sat evening. (Piccadilly Line to Arsenal). Clay to win. Cooper to end his career with jackpot fight

NEXT WEEK

london life

IN NEW YORK

London, we know, has taken the lead and New York, it appears, has taken the attitude: If we can't beat 'em, join 'em. London Life looks at the young English swingers who are setting a new and hotter pace across the Atlantic

NEXT WEEK

london life

GOES SWIMMING

First, the most glamorous long-distance swimmer, American Mary Margaret Revell, explains why she likes to train in London's pools more than anywhere else – sun or no sun. Second, London Life's fashion team reveals the newest swimming costumes that every girl will want to wear – sun or no sun

NEXT WEEK

london life

LOOKS AT URSULA ANDRESS

After the splendours of glossy photography, Ursula Andress started to emerge as an actress of more than common wit, has now joined England's hippiest film crowd.
How is she finding life these days, who does she like, how do the others like her? Find out

NEXT WEEK

london life

looks, as always, at the rich variety of London . . . there's an American producer who has brought his wife over here to make her into a star . . . there's Danny La Rue . . . there's Glyndebourne starting again . . . there's Erroll Garner in town . . . there are potters in Chelsea . . . there are the Test matches approaching. All this, and so much more, is looked at in

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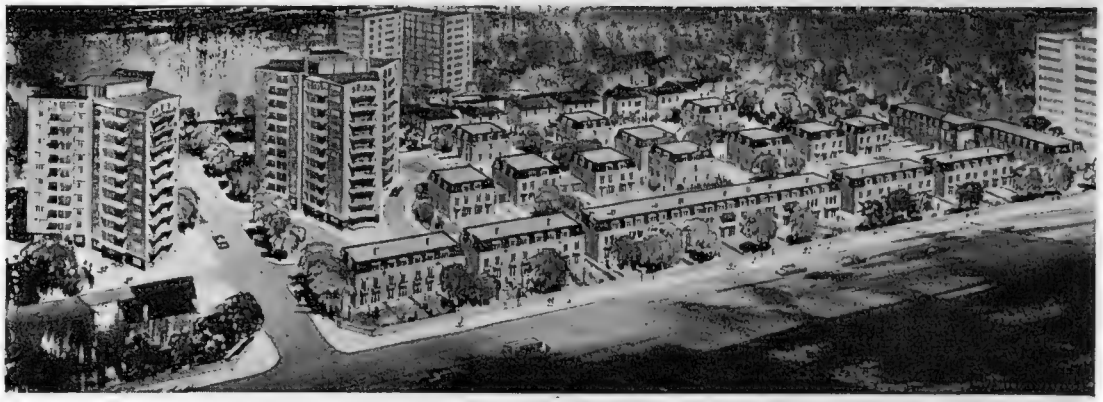

Artist's impression of St John's Wood Park Estate, as it will look in December 1967.

Left: Skindles Hotel at Maidenhead. Right: Richard Todd's Oxfordshire home.

Sloane Estate Agents, SLO 2261, in negotiating the sale of 28 flats in two large blocks behind Sloane Square are providing a variation on a theme. Instead of simply selling you the lease on an unfurnished flat and leaving you the headache of finding builders, painters and electricians to make it habitable, they will come to a personal arrangement with you, whereby they undertake the responsibilities of redecorating and redesigning your flat for a nominal extra sum to be included in the general price of the lease.

Sloane Estate Agents are adopting this idea with 34 and 36, Sloane Court East. They have pulled down the old-fashioned Victorian staircases and archways, put in chandeliers, marble walls and carpets, and now propose to adapt each flat to the customer's own demands. In one instance, a customer has paid £19,500 for a 29-year lease that included redecoration, insertion of an extra bathroom and extension of kitchen. She moved into a light, spacious modernised flat, exactly as she wanted it, six weeks after signing the contract, and her carpets and furniture were delivered the following day. She had none of the problems of painters camping in her drawing-room or builders failing to turn up, and the entire job was completed in less time than it took to complete the legal transaction. There are roughly 24 flats for sale on this basis in numbers 34 and 36, all with similar leases, 3/4 bedrooms and varying from £19,000 to £20,000 according to alterations required.

Skindles, that age-old, sleepy-looking hotel on 150 yards of Thames-side at Maidenhead, is in for a big jolt and a quick scrub-and-clean. It has very quietly changed hands for £300,000. The present owners, Rambutam Ltd (who own the El Cubano Group, which in turn incorporates a chain of London restaurants like Flanagans, The Charge of the Light Brigade, The Contented Sole and Contented Plaice), intend to build on to its 14 bedrooms and possibly redecorate the reception-rooms in authentic Edwardian style.

St John's Wood Park Estate, off Boundary Road, NW8, is reputed to be one of the largest and most intensive luxury housing developments in central London to be built by any one company. Sunley Homes (parent company is Bernard Sunley Investment Trust) first acquired the head lease of 99 years from the freeholders, Eyre Estates, on the site three years ago. By December 1967 they hope to have built 35 terraced houses (backing on to the main road), 11 pairs of semi-detached houses and 16 detached houses, not forgetting garages for each house-owner and double ones for the detached houses. Sunley Homes also have planning consent for two 11-storey blocks of flats in the middle of the "compound." Stone, Tom[illegible] and Partners have designe[illegible] the neo-Georgian houses, eac[illegible] with two bathrooms, in som[illegible] cases three floors, in othe[illegible] cases two floors and an att[illegible] bedroom. At the moment Su[illegible]ley Homes are building a[illegible]cording to the demand. Th[illegible] most popular are the detache[illegible] houses well away from th[illegible] main road. They sell at abou[illegible] £40,000 for a 90-year leas[illegible] that includes four bedroom[illegible] and double garage. The sem[illegible] are going for £24,000 to £27,000, for four bedroom[illegible] and a single garage. The ter-raced houses are being sold for £19,000 upwards, according to position. So all in all, there will be 73 individual house-owners, all with their own cars and private plots of garden and all rubbing shoulders with the occupants of the two 11-storey blocks within a mere seven-and-a-half acres of land that fall between Lord's Cricket Ground and Finchley Road.

Actor Richard Todd is selling his Tudor-style house in Oxfordshire for £39,000 through Knight, Frank & Rutley. There is private park land of 18 acres, and racing nearby at Windsor and Newbury and golf at Henley. The garage will take five cars. Two suites of bedrooms, various single bedrooms, staff quarters and nursery kitchen take up the first floor.

fiona bird

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL *continued*

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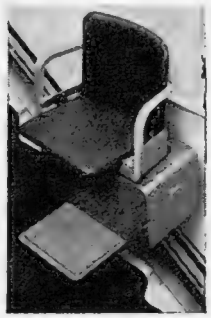

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London Letters

Reputations abroad

How that article on "Kangaroo Valley" (*London Life*, 7 May) must have stabbed at the stomachs of many Australians, such as myself, who love London and Australia, and feel an obligation to both. Here we are, hopelessly bashing away at that rotten reputation, built up for us by "It's better back home, mate," non-thinking morons.

As for the girl who remarked on Mr Burbeck's "Australian" haircut, she obviously doesn't know (or doesn't *want* to) about the long-haired males parading right this minute in Sydney streets. It disgusts me that an Australian can travel 12,000 miles to this country and then not have the guts to break away from the initial comforting arms of the OVC for long enough to find out what makes London or the Londoners tick.

Reluctantly, I would have to agree with Mr Burbeck's findings, but oh, how it hurts! Wake up you Earl's Court Aussies, look a little farther than your own hypocritical noses while you're here, and give yourselves, your country, and everyone else a fair go.

Joanne Browne,
Coysh Court,
Keswick Road, SW15

Two-way link

I feel that Mr Burbeck missed one of the vital factors of the Overseas Visitors Club, which forms such a central point for these newcomers to Britain, this point being the affiliated 1,000 member-strong "Little Britain Club" which has been running for about seven years. This club forms the vital two-way link with the OVC, enabling visitors to meet British people, form friendships, and learn to understand us. In reverse the club provides a unique chance for us to meet them, which is of special value to Britons planning to emigrate, helping them to acquire first-hand knowledge of conditions to expect in a far more personalised way than is possible from emigration offices, coupled with every possibility that they may also acquire names and addresses to start them off with friends in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Canada, or wherever they are going.

Stephanie Stewart,
Hill Court,
Putney Hill, SW15

London's Australians

I hope your recent article on the Australians living in "Kangaroo Valley" (what a revolting term) will stir many of them to make a mass exodus. Being Australian myself I cannot find one earthly reason why they should choose to congregate in such a dreary area and create the boorish image that they obviously have. Perhaps 50,000 of us *are* in London, but I am positive that 50,000 do not, and would not, live in Earls Court even if it was free.

All Australians who have some imagination should get out of the place and see a bit of England, even if they do regard it as a handy stop-off place for Europe. Also I should like to point out that practically all of the 50,000 that come to England and Europe have saved and scrimped for at least a year or two, and you must give them credit for their general outlook on wanting to see as much of the world as possible before eventually settling down, which I might say, is more than the average young English people do, who have little or no interest in the way of life in Australia or anywhere else – extremely young marriages, babies and houses seem to be their main goal in life! Perhaps this government looks after them too well for them to want to do anything for themselves?

G E Hosken (Mrs),
Send Barns Lane,
Send, Surrey

Skating the surface

Dear, oh dear! How sick and tired Australians in London get of such surface-skating articles as Rodney Burbeck's "Life in Kangaroo Valley." They produce the same sort of ho-hum boredom as films set in Australia which *must* have koalas and kangaroos and Chips Rafferty.

Australians in London bear about as much relation to the OVC fly-by-nighters as a tourist party of Boy Scouts visiting Sydney bears to immigrants who have put down roots in Australia. Perhaps the subject (seeing as Mr Burbeck so neatly pictures all Australians as short-haired, long-skirted Alfs) doesn't warrant more than a few scribbles in a notebook at the bar of the OVC. If not, leave well enough alone and concentrate on articles you're prepared to investigate properly.

Patricia Johnson,
Gunter Grove, SW10

Holiday accommodation

May I clarify a few points arising from your article "Holiday Accommodation in London." As you may know we are the largest accommodation bureau in the country. Due to the overwhelming demand we have received for luxury apartments for both permanent and short term tenancies all through the year, we have a department dealing exclusively with this side of our business who are able to arrange a holiday let at 24 hours' notice. We are fortunate in having a specially trained staff working in this department who advise both tenant and landlord on deposits and agreements. While our commission is basically one week's rent, this applies only to a guaranteed minimum period of three months. For holiday lets, our charges are calculated on a pro rata basis (i.e. one month let at 15 guineas per week would be 5 guineas). You will appreciate that this is a very much lower commission than that charged by Estate Agents especially on a long tenancy.

M E Brown,
Managing Director,
London Accommodation Bureau,
Oxford Street, W1

Vive la France

So Mrs Barbara Castle does not consider amber head lights to be necessary? I would suggest she should learn how to drive before taking the decision of keeping our blinding white lights on the road. Reducing the glare would reduce the number of fatal accidents.

The French are not only excellent drivers, but reasonable and disciplined, which goes against everything we English usually say about them. They are fined for not dipping those easy-on-the-eyes head lights of theirs . . . what percentage of English drivers ever bother to dip their hallucinating, dazzling lights? Driving with parking lights only is just as dangerous. Even in a lit-up area, it often gives the impression of a couple of bicycles.

Let's break down this prejudice we have against foreign ideas and now and again bend to, and adopt them.

Ben Lyon,
Abbotsbury Road, W14

Royal portrait

Congratulations on the splendid colour spread on Topolski's superbly atmospheric painting of Prince Philip. Surely Topolski is the best portrayer of pageantry in the streets since Raoul Dufy. And he uses his varying shades of blue in the same vividly effective way.

What a change to see this sort of thing instead of all those debby, brittle models that fill the pages of our magazines to over-brimming. More promising artists, please, and more of Topolski when ever possible.

And what a tribute to Topolski's patience and inborn genius that the final gimlet eyed portrait conveys so well the spirit of the man.

James Roger Walensky,
Warwick Road,
Kensington, W14

No mystery

I suggest that when Mr Hitchcock next lunches in a typical English restaurant, orders steak and kidney pudding and then expects the "pastry" to be bronzed and crisp, that he should select from the menu steak and kidney pie.

There is no mystery involved in ordering one dish and expecting to be served with another.

Miranda F Baker,
Lichfield Court,
Surbiton, Surrey

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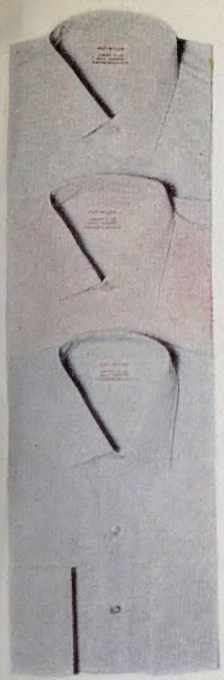

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